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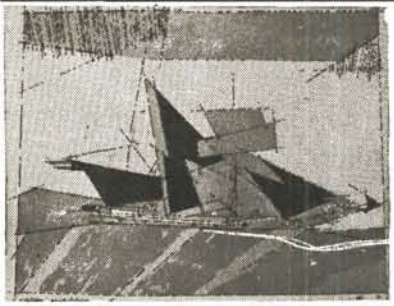

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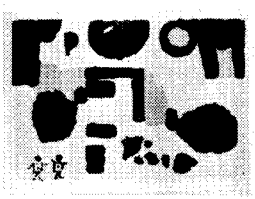

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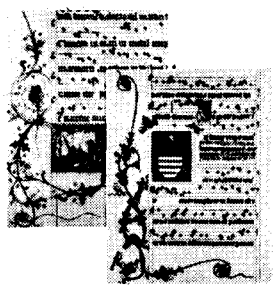

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Stuffed with Goodies

★ This is the week we put the fifth candle on the birthday cake; the fifth year of uninterrupted economic expansion, longest in peacetime history. What a boom! Every workday morning 10,000 more people go to jobs than left the night before. Unemployment is down to 4.1 percent now and will be 3.34 percent before the year is over, the Council of Economic Advisers says. Last year, GNP increased $47 billion and, as Mr. Johnson put it, italicizing as he went: "In only seven other countries of the world is *total* output in a year as large as the *increase* in our output last year."

Who can ask for more goodies? There is no statistical table of the quality of things, of course. There is no GNP of spiritual values. How about great plays, great paintings, great poems? We have the largest number of television sets, but the programs! It would be amusing sometime to compile an annual Report to the President on Intangibles, a little disheartening, maybe; patches of poverty in the artistic map; chronic recession in aesthetics; slum clearance needed in ethical standards.

To be fair to the President he notes the other side: "degrading poverty, revolting slums, incredible traffic congestion, bitter racial tensions, physical decay and ugliness, political disorganization, and rising crime and delinquency."

It is an old cliché, however, to pretend to deplore wealth. We don't do that. National well-being does increase happiness, we have no doubt. Assistant Secretary of Commerce Andrew Brimmer, a Negro, has been studying current prosperity and finds that it has at last begun to slop over to the nonwhites. There have been five years of expansion: "Negroes have participated in a substantial way in only the last three," he says.

Negroes are the last hired, first fired. That is why it is so vital for them to keep this boom going. The delayed Negro participation in prosperity is taking hold. In 1964, Brimmer finds, the median family income of Negroes actually grew faster than the income of white families. Negroes are still way down the scale, of course. Their unemployment rate is twice that of whites; their income per head only a little more than half that of whites.

Just the same, there are surprising figures. Unemployment among married Negro men at year-end was less than two percent; the same as for white men of similar marital status. The nonwhite share of the nation's aggregate personal income is pathetically small. It was six percent in 1962. "But as more and more nonwhites were drawn into the gainfully employed," Brimmer reports, "the ratio rebounded sharply to 6.4 percent in 1963, and it made a further strong advance to 6.7 percent in 1964."

Families on Relief

★ Putting statistics aside, what it means is that thousands of the American disadvantaged – whites and nonwhites alike – are just within finger reach of the first rung of the ladder. No, we won't sneer at prosperity! Keep economic expansion going another year, give it a sixth candle, and a whole new army of whites and Negroes will climb for the first time above the bare subsistence level.

There is a more discouraging figure in the same field, however. The Social Security Administration has been making studies of families on general relief and has discovered, naturally enough, that the number is way down in the boom. Unfortunately, this can't be said of another category, Aid to Dependent Children. It is found that numbers here are virtually unrelated to trends in the economy. The number of Negro children on ADC rolls is larger than their share of the population. Edwin Dale of *The New York Times* quotes an official: "The rise in the ADC rolls, as much as anything, reflects the tragedy of the urban Negro and, as some would say, the breakdown of the Negro family."

As Theodore White puts it in his *The Making of the President, 1964* – up to 1959, when unemployment dropped, so would the number of abandoned children. But in 1959, for the first time, then more sharply in 1962, 1963 and 1964, "this understandable correlation was uncoupled." We can now add 1965. Mr. Johnson is the first President to take note of this Negro tragedy, the absence of fathers in homes. The rate of illegitimacy is 10 times larger than in white families.

White calls it "biological anarchy"; slum families living in "zoological tenements." No wonder Mr. Johnson feels there is urgent need to put the hand of the disadvantaged on the first rung of the ladder. One cannot ignore it. "Both Negro and white families are haunted," White notes, "by the biological potential of the despairing Negro for upsetting the entire course of American urban civilization."

Meanwhile, Sen. Ernest Gruening (D, Alaska) is going ahead with his trailbreaking hearings on birth control. He had only six other senators with him last year, now he has five more cosponsors. Typical testimony by Philip Hauser, Director of Population Research, University of Chicago: By the time a child born today is 35 years old, world population will have more than doubled if the situation doesn't change – a population of 7.5 billion, mostly jammed into powder-keg have-not regions of Asia, Latin America, Africa. Can there be peace where there's famine?

★ *Notes:* Affluent Averell Harriman, 75, buzzed back from a 35,000-mile peace-making mission recently remarking "I feel like a million dollars"; an irreverent friend remarked, "He's sick." . . . Secretary Rusk gloomily observed the other day that the earth is round: "It means that only one-third are asleep at any time; the other two-thirds are up to some mischief." . . . Poor Ray Bliss, GOP national chairman, is still telling fellow Republicans again that they must cultivate the big cities; meanwhile House GOP Leader Gerald Ford is attacking Mr. Johnson's city rehabilitation program. . . . The warhawks were happier last week, recovering from what somebody called "Joe Alsop's peace scare."

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What We Can't Afford

"We are a rich nation," said President Johnson in his budget message, "and can afford to make progress at home while meeting obligations abroad." But the budget makes clear that progress at home is to slow to a crawl as far as Great Society fundamentals are concerned, in spite of an estimated Gross National Product this year of $722 billion. The blame is laid to the resumed grind of the Vietnam war. In an administrative budget of $112.8 billion, 49 cents of every budget dollar are for defense apart from Vietnam; 9 more cents are for Vietnam; only 12 cents are for Great Society programs. True, the budget envisages increased spending of $2.1 billion on Great Society programs, to $12.9 billion (for health, education, housing, manpower training and community development projects). But the proposed increase in defense spending is $4 billion, to make a defense spending total of $60.5 billion. For Vietnam, Mr. Johnson has asked for increased spending of $15.3 billion, and he very well may want still more before this coming fiscal year is over, just as he had to ask Congress for a huge supplemental sum earlier this year. What will happen if he does need still more money for Vietnam? The Economic Report of the President has this to say: "If military needs should prove to be larger than is anticipated . . . further fiscal or monetary restraints would be necessary." The President has said he will not hesitate to recommend further tax increases in such circumstances, nevertheless a further slowdown in Great Society spending seems likelier than unpopular tax increases. Just as we have begun to discover how to keep what the Economic Report calls a reasonable balance between total supply and overall demand, and so maintain strong growth of the economy without inflation, military spending threatens to upset the applecart. Why do we have to aim to spend more than $60 billion on defense? Vietnam isn't by any means the whole answer.

Defense Secretary McNamara said last week that the missiles he has in hand or in planning are sufficient, if used without any bombers, to ruin Russia and China simultaneously. Does this mean we're "safe" at last? Apparently not, since the budget calls not only for new improved missiles but also for new supersonic bombers, a new nuclear aircraft carrier, and other additional superexpensive armaments. When we have got them, *then* will we be safe? Alas, still not. The defense budget contains a modest proposal for spending a mere $400 million on continued development of the anti-missile system, Nike X. But that's only the tip of what could be a new, superberg. For early unveiling

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the Pentagon may have a "primitive" anti-missile system to defend us all against future Chinese missiles; it will cost, the optimists reckon, only $8 billion or so. The Russians are supposed not to take alarm at this, and so not put us to the trouble of building a full-scale, $30-billion anti-missile system (this $30 billion excludes cost of fallout shelters). Supposing, however, the Russians won't play? They're already talking of developing new, missile-carrying aircraft. Then our defense costs would shoot up yet again. No wonder Dr. Wiesner and Mr. Gilpatric recently pressed Mr. Johnson and Mr. McNamara to think seriously about a superweapons moratorium. Meanwhile, the Great Society pays the latest defense bills. The War on Poverty hoped for $3 billion in this budget – a modest 5 percent of total defense costs – but will be lucky to wind up with a total of $1.75 billion. This will be a $250-million increase, which is less than one-fortieth of the extra amount that is now being asked for Vietnam. So, by the end of June only 45,000 or fewer will be enrolled in the job training corps, instead of the 100,000 that hitherto had been the target figure. There will be a similar shortfall in the number of children in the Head Start project. The funds for Appalachia will be trimmed from $300 million to $200 million. Only $431 million will be available for slum clearance and urban renewal, which is a rise of sorts – $51 million more than last year. Spending for higher education will be $400 million, not the $690 million authorized. The Economic Message says blandly that big defense spending contributes to "buoyant expectations." Whose? Professor Walter W. Heller recently pointed out that this sort of big spending doesn't really reach down to those who require what he called "special exits" from poverty, the exits the War on Poverty should provide. We aren't sacrificing butter to guns. Instead, we're sacrificing the millions of people in this rich land who can't afford butter.

Please Have Fewer Babies

When President Johnson repeated his offer to supply official US "research" assistance on birth control to governments requesting it, *The New York Times* chastised him for being too timid and called for a "vast expansion in the campaign to control births." The Agency for International Development announced it has been "quietly" spending $2 million in Latin America over the past two years on birth-control "stimulation and education" as well as research, and AID's first birth-control advisers have arrived in Cairo. Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska (our least populous state) completed his 16th hearing, designed to persuade AID to do more to promote birth control. Four Nobel laureates were the latest star witnesses to appear before his subcommittee; one of them called birth control "the greatest single problem which faces man at this point in the 20th Century."

Birth control is now so safe and noncontroversial a topic that distinguished men and women lend their names as a matter of course to ads in *The Times*. The Ford Foundation practically boasts its advocacy. All this fashionable publicity sheds little more light on the problem than the observation of the Reverend Thomas Malthus over 170 years ago that human beings multiply geometrically while food increases arithmetically. At the same time, American eagerness to play Paul Revere to the world in this matter contrasts with the quiet, even furtive approach to birth control in our own country.

Our appeals to black people, brown people, yellow people and just very poor people to please have fewer babies could stimulate race and class antagonisms which will push the question of contraception into the background. The problem of birth control is first and foremost a problem of communicating with very poor people in cultures very alien to our own. It is nowhere a problem of money. No government in the world which wants either a capacity to produce contraceptives or access to on-going research will be denied very easy terms by private manufacturers and research organizations here and in Europe. Insofar as AID is able to stimulate such requests, its success will vary inversely with the amount of official ballyhoo emanating from Washington. The birth-control propagandists are in danger of promoting a new escapism among those they are trying to convert. The British Parliament in the early 1800's used Malthus' tracts to escape even the rudimentary poverty program of that day on the ground that it was useless to do anything for the poor because they insisted upon having so many babies. Congress could well come to the same conclusion as a means of escaping foreign-aid appropriations today.

If we mind our own business at home we may help other countries in the process. The case for officially-supported birth-control programs in the United States rests on the terrible plight of the very poor – those who have so little stake in our society that constant reproduction among them is little more than an animal function. Needless to say, these unfortunate people do not read *The Times*. Communicating with them is the essence of the "family planning" problem. It is a job for trained social workers, using some of the techniques we are now experimenting with on a wide scale under the poverty program – only not to promote birth control. What's needed is propaganda to encourage the supply, competence and status of social workers. Arnold Toynbee once observed that having babies is the largest private enterprise in the world. Can we demand that politicians in other countries intervene in that enterprise, while we are diffident about it at home?

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The Beards

The kidnaping and killing of an exiled Moroccan opposition leader in Paris last October has shaken confidence in the de Gaulle regime by seeming to involve among others the chief of the SDECE, the French counterespionage service.

Mendi Ben Barka was a 46-year-old Socialist whose opposition to conservative King Hassan II earned him exile and a death sentence in absentia. He was one of the organizers of the recent "Three Continents" conference in Havana.

He came to Paris from Geneva October 29 last year to make arrangements for a film damning colonialism, and was on his way to the Brasserie Lipp for the appointment when two French policemen picked him up and drove him to the suburban villa where it is believed he was murdered. October 30, General Mohamed Oufkir, the Moroccan Interior Minister, passed through Paris and visited the villa; Georges Figon, an ex-convict charged with taking part in the abduction but never arrested, was "found shot dead" by the police, after he wrote in the magazine *Express* that he saw Oufkir kill Ben Barka with a knife. Oufkir, "on my word as a former French officer," denies it. France asked that Oufkir be arrested and sent back to Paris, the Morocco government refused and the two countries broke off ambassadorial relations.

Antoine Lopez, an Air France employee who is also a police informer, a friend of Oufkir and, as it turns out, an agent of the SDECE, has testified that he knew of the abduction plot as early as last May, and told Major Marcel Leroy, his boss in the counterespionage service. Leroy says he knew of it but just ordered Lopez not to get involved. The disobedient Lopez, however, enlisted two Paris cops to kidnap Ben Barka. Leroy claims he didn't know his service had been compromised. "Lopez never told me he had taken part in the kidnaping. I believed he was just passing on information like any good agent."

Though they readily admitted picking up Ben Barka, the two policemen were not arrested until November 11. Georges Figon started writing letters to newspapers telling what he knew. On January 17, three noisy police vans converged on Figon's apartment building. When police opened his door there, they said they found Figon dead with a bullet hole behind his right ear. The satirical newspaper *Canard Enchaine* reflected public skepticism with a banner headline saying, "Figon kills himself with a bullet fired at him from point-blank range." *France-Soir* wanted to know why government police were involved. The respected independent *Le Monde* urged the regime to *debarbouze* itself, get rid of the vast network of secret police, spies, informers and *barbouzes* ("bearded ones") – the special cops who seem to have the same license as James Bond. As recently as 1963 the *barbouzes* kidnaped Colonel Antoine Argoud, a foe of de Gaulle, from a Munich hotel and delivered him, trussed, gagged and beaten, to a parking lot in front of the Paris police prefecture. France, ignoring protests from Germany, went ahead and tried Argoud, convicting him of treason.

Indian Ocean Deal?

Last week's visit to Washington by British Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart and British Defense Secretary Denis Healey, accompanied by top British military and scientific brass, concerned a sparsely inhabited island in the Indian Ocean which has become the center of Anglo-American military planning for the Far East. Plans may call for establishment of a full-fledged base, complete with airstrip, year-round harbor and electronic devices to detect movement of Soviet atomic submarines in the area.

The US has no base in the Indian Ocean; the need for one is rapidly increasing: for instance, the possibility of a renewed Chinese attack on India. Any British policing role in the Far East needs secure bases, but now Britain has not got a dependable base in the area. Singapore's secession from the Federation of Malaysia makes her a sovereign state and the reliability of the British base there depends on Singapore's political stability, yet to be demonstrated.

Britain lacks the finances to establish a major base in the Indian Ocean, but has several suitable islands there. The US has no islands in the strategically vital area but has the money.

Both countries have learned terrorist activities and withdrawal of labor by a local population surrounding a base can be destructive. Britain is likely to move out of Singapore in the foreseeable future, but without relinquishing her commitment to Malaysia, so must seek a convenient alternative base, largely financed by American dollars.

Construction of a joint communications center and troop staging post is reputed under way at Diego Garcia, British territory and former World War II allied base. In the center of the Indian Ocean, the island would enable Britain painlessly to drop the Aden base when the time comes. Diego Garcia is a coral island with a population of about 200 and a natural lagoon harbor for warships and submarines.

The island's location would enable Anglo-American forces there to keep an eye on Djakarta in case Singapore's secession is followed by a breakup of the Malaysian Federation, and Indonesia's attention then turns to Australia. Much of the defense of Australia and New Zealand is based on military cooperation with the US

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within the framework of the Anzac Pact. The joint base in the Indian Ocean will go far toward creating a close four-power partnership, but may spark charges of Anglo-American imperialism at the United Nations and elsewhere.

Phony Auto Reform

Senator Abraham Ribicoff opens a third round of his inquiry into the government's role in traffic safety this week, and the White House probably will send down a highway safety bill by the end of the month. There is little likelihood that any of this will amount to more than spastic gestures.

One can always hope the Administration will recommend setting standards for safe car design. But the Commerce Department, which is writing the bill, usually prefers voluntary industry compliance once the consensus has been reached. Secretary John Connor was taking this line in Detroit last week when he told leaders of the industry at a luncheon: "To the extent that the automobile industry exercises responsible leadership in matters of public concern, there will be correspondingly less pressure for government action, particularly for federal government action."

And indeed, the industry has made several motions in this direction to undercut congressional pressure. The automakers installed minor safety features in all 1966 cars, when they were only required by law to put them in autos sold to the government. The auto and tire industries, which were on the verge of an open quarrel over the kinds of tires put on new cars, promised to put larger sized tires on some new models. In the opinion of government experts this was not actually an increase in size but neat juggling of figures. Recently the auto industry gave the University of Michigan $10 million to establish an institute which will study and report on the safety aspects of vehicles, drivers and roads. It is too early to tell whether this project really will get into the car design problem. The advisory committee members, however, have not been outspoken against the industry on this score in the past. And should the research necessitate work on car design, the institute will be using the industry's own proving grounds.

The President's highway safety bill is expected to be a trifling document, written largely in behalf of the industry which wants to be let alone, and out of deference to a few politicians who want some little tidbit to show the electorate next fall. Quite probably it will ask Congress to set up a federal laboratory that can look into all aspects of automobile safety, including car design. It will not call for setting mandatory standards; instead the Secretary of Commerce will have authority to set them at his discretion.

Wallace's Woes

These are trying times for George Corley Wallace. First, he failed to get the State Senate to allow him to run for a hitherto unconstitutional second term. Then, his wife Lurleen (whom he wants to run for governor of Alabama in his stead) became seriously ill and underwent surgery. Finally the strain got to Wallace. In the middle of a dullish session of the Legislative Council (which meets between sessions to formulate new bills) Wallace suddenly grew restless. He began pacing the floor, then lashed out at those whom he fears and despises most: (1) Attorney General Richmond Flowers; (2) the United States government and the federal courts; (3) Negroes.

In a fit of "strange distemper" (said the *Alabama Journal*) or worse (said those in the room), Wallace demanded that the legislature impeach Flowers, "for collaborating with the federal government," among other felonies. He told the Council it should recommend disobedience of federal court-ordered reapportionment. And finally, he asked that laws be passed to cancel elections in Black Belt counties so that white incumbents could remain in office in spite of swelling Negro voter registration.

Next day, Lt. Gov. Jim Allen modified Wallace's proposals somewhat. In an open Council session, Allen offered a resolution to establish a "study" of ways to prevent Negroes from entering politics in Alabama. It passed, 7 to 2.

Tinged, if not exactly flushed with victory, Wallace was nonetheless stung by the unanimous criticism of his performance in the Council. Some Alabamans even had the bad taste to bring up the 10-percent disability allowance for emotional instability he draws from the Veterans Administration. The newspapers merely said he was "high strung and nervous."

And well he might be. Two weeks ago, he flew to Birmingham to meet with the State Democratic Executive Committee, which was threatening to remove the "white supremacy" motto which adorns the Democratic emblem on election ballots. The Committee, despite some controversy ("this white race is supreme in this world by the mandate of God Almighty"), made good on its threat. Exit Wallace.

In his absence, the Committee gave him another blow: it ordered primaries in all counties, thus exposing the incumbents to possible Negro challengers.

All is not lost for the governor. He could probably still win "reelection," thinly disguised as his wife. Richmond Flowers, who after the Democratic Committee's actions improved his chances of fashioning, and leading, a "loyalist" white Democratic and Negro coalition, will almost surely run against the Wallaces, or their deputy. It promises to be the fight of the year.

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Missionaries in Darkest Ohio

by James Ridgeway

Columbus, Ohio

Twenty years ago the prosperous German congregation of the First English Lutheran Church turned its back on the east side of Columbus and fled the Negroes coming in from the South. The well-to-do neighborhood became a disgusting slum.

But recently Pastor Leopold Bernhard persuaded them to turn around and go back to help Negroes set up a community government and make the neighborhood a decent place to live. This project, called the East Central Citizens Organization (ECCO), caught the imagination of the New Left radicals as well as ardent supporters of Barry Goldwater. Sargent Shriver recently gave ECCO $300,000 in demonstration poverty funds to help it along.

This is an unusual endeavor because Columbus by and large remains a soggy, reactionary Middle Western town. It still is dominated by a few established families. Chief among them are the Wolfes, who control Banc-Ohio Corporation, one of the largest bank holding companies in the country. They also own the *Dispatch*, an evening newspaper.

Banc-Ohio controls 22 banks in central Ohio which have deposits of $700 million. In Columbus itself, a city of half-a-million people and the center of a growing service industry, Wolfe banks account for more than 50 percent of all deposits. It would be difficult to do much business here without running across the interests of this enormous enterprise.

The *Dispatch* is said to reflect the Wolfes' aspirations for Columbus. This paper is less interesting for tedious recitation of right-wing gunk than for swashbuckling reportage. Legend has it that a mayor out of favor with the paper one night found himself at a sporting banquet with a coffee cup in one hand and a plate of pie in the other, when suddenly a naked exotic dancer rushed across the room, jumped on his lap, and clung to his neck until the *Dispatch* photographer got a picture. In recent years the paper's techniques have been more subtle. When Ohio State University faculty members voted against sending the football team to the Rose Bowl because it interfered with classes, the *Dispatch* published their names, addresses, salaries and telephone numbers on the front page. The offending professors spent the evening answering the telephone. Last year it was the *Dispatch* which first brought to light charges by a woman who said the brother of a city official, a Democrat, had enticed her four-year-old son to engage in an unnatural sex act. Reporters from a competing paper complained they were barred from interviewing the woman by *Dispatch* men who were her constant companions, and it was hinted that the city attorney needed *Dispatch* permission before he could see her. The charges were dismissed in court.

The John Birch Society fits easily into the atmosphere of Columbus and is said to prosper there. Although the mayor, Jack Sensenbrenner, is a Democrat, and for the first time in many years the city council is tipped 4-3 in favor of the Democrats, knowledgeable citizens dismiss out of hand any possibility of progress. They return to their latest copy of the *Dispatch* to find out what the Wolfes think. There are about 80,000 Negroes in Columbus but the city council is all white and elected at large, which means Negro interests are largely ignored. The unemployment rate is about three percent and there is a firm conviction, shared by liberal businessmen, that anyone who is willing to learn can get a job, but youngsters tell of 40 trips to the state employment service with only two job referrals.

The only serious subjects of discussion in Columbus are the rate of interest, and the names of boards of directors, which often interlock. It's easy to understand why the people of the city are so worried about a conspiracy in Washington; they have so long been devoted to understanding the one at home.

The Columbus poverty program was long in starting and even now is not really off the ground. Mayor Sensenbrenner wanted to stay clear, fearful that he would be accused of stacking it with his political hacks. The liberal businessmen who finally seized the initiative were unable to persuade anyone to shoulder public responsibility for an antipoverty war lest the *Dispatch* send down a man to do a piece, and everyone was waiting to see which way the *Dispatch* would lean. This turned out to be a long wait, for the paper has stayed aloof from the whole business.

Last spring a community action program was drawn up by Dr. Sam Stellman of the Ohio State University School of Social Work. A nonprofit corporation called the Columbus Metropolitan Area Community Action Organization was set up. It is asking the government for $1 million to spread existing city and state welfare machinery around neighborhood centers.

Pastor Bernhard's people took the opposite tack. Members of his congregation worked in the neighborhood immediately surrounding the First English Lutheran Church, on the east side of the city, to set up

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ECCO. This was meant to provide a government for 6,000 Negroes and poor whites. Once that was done, the residents could get on with building a community along lines they themselves set out.

This process began four years ago when Pastor Bernhard got the Lutherans in Columbus to put up $175,000 toward developing a neighborhood center at the church. The general Lutheran church gave an additional $35,000. The center offers legal advice to people, a preschool for retarded children, day-care centers for children whose mothers work. College students come down to tutor youngsters doing poorly in school. There are a number of sports programs.

In effect, the church had set up a fairly elaborate settlement house. But Pastor Bernhard did not want to stop at just putting together another one of these dreary places. Last year he met Milton Kotler, from the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Kotler interested him in setting up a nonprofit, tax-exempt neighborhood foundation which could make a stab at governing the slum. Bernhard got the church membership to vote to transfer control of the center to the neighborhood. This, of course, meant turning it over to the people who were not likely to be Lutheran and who, indeed, probably would not care much about the church. Lawyers and businessmen both in Washington and Columbus gave their time, and ECCO was formed. An interim executive council, made up partly of church people and partly of neighborhood people, was appointed to oversee the transfer. Preparations for the first elections are nearly complete; the permanent government will take over March 1.

Under the ECCO constitution, anyone 16 years or older living in the neighborhood can sign a roster and become a member of the Assembly (by mid-January 1,500 had signed up). The Assembly then elects members of a governing executive council; block clubs also send delegates. Members of the council will get a $1,000 annual stipend. They are meant to take the work seriously, and if the Assembly finds a delegate is not doing his job, he can be removed. All ECCO's programs must be approved by the Assembly. In effect, the clients of the social workers will become their bosses.

What ECCO will do after the elections is uncertain. However, the interim council is well along with plans for a juvenile delinquency project. With the exception of a roller-skating rink, there are no facilities for recreation in the ECCO area. Ten years or more ago the rink was segregated. It no longer is, but the youngsters who skate there segregated themselves. Last summer the place was a brawl, apparently because Negro boys would make a play for white girls. Police would descend in droves and the teen-agers fought them with bottles and rocks in the alleys leading away from the rink.

In an effort to deal with this state of affairs before there were full-scale riots, ECCO pulled together a group of white and Negro teen-agers, and has been working with them on proposals for turning an abandoned armory into a youth recreation and training center. Here ECCO ran up against another established Columbus institution, the Josephinum College, a Catholic seminary. It exists on earnings from various landholdings, including some in the slums. The Catholics want $14,000 a year for the armory and this does not include fuel or utilities. ECCO will try to get the money from the Office of Juvenile Delinquency at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Unlike any other delinquency program in the country, it will propose that the entire scheme be governed by the teen-agers themselves.

Pastor Bernhard does not want to fight the city poverty program. Indeed, he wants to persuade the city centers to model themselves after ECCO. Dr. Stellman has said ECCO is an interesting experiment, and there now is talk among the businessmen who actually run the Columbus poverty program that ECCO might take over one of the city's proposed neighborhood centers. Sargent Shriver is eager for ECCO's success. Indeed, the people at the Office of Economic Opportunity probably view its creation as a hopeful alternative to Saul Alinsky's rough-hewn organizations that have been so nasty to Shriver.

But Dr. Stellman, perhaps by mistake, now has put ECCO in an unpleasant position. The city recreation department wants to rip up an old park and a block of houses on the edge of the ECCO neighborhood to make way for a new recreation building. Columbus can get more federal money for this project if the city's community action program will promise to make use of the facilities for community services. This Dr. Stellman's group agreed to do. The project will mean putting out of their homes and into the streets about 200 people whose opinions were not sought. If ECCO means business about being a democratic community government, it will have to stand firm against kicking these people out, or else end up siding with the city in making room for more social workers.

COMING: *Brian Wenham reports from London on Sex and the House of Lords*

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Taiwan: Myth, Dream and Nightmare

by John K. Fairbank

The ambiguous status of Taiwan haunts American-Chinese relations, yet no major problem has been so continuously and carefully ignored in public. In Taiwan, three parties at interest – American, Nationalist Chinese and Taiwanese Chinese – sleep in the same bed dreaming very different dreams. Whenever our China policy is unfrozen – if the United Nations next September, for example, should vote to admit Peking – one man's dream in Taiwan may well turn out to be another man's nightmare.

The three parties are closely associated in the present government, but their *de facto* cooperation is possible only because the Nationalist make-believe is solemnly accepted by the Americans out of courtesy and expedience, and by the Taiwanese Chinese out of prudence under intimidation. Yet the palpable fact, that our ally the government of the Republic of China is based squarely upon a myth, does not ensure that its American and Taiwanese critics have any firmer grip on reality. American benevolence and Taiwanese nationalism may alike be frustrated unless the three parties get together constructively in the months ahead.

Of the three, the Nationalist position is of course best known. Since the Communist take-over of 1949, the government of the Republic of China has been temporarily confined to one of its provinces, the island of Taiwan, plus the fighting front, mainly on Quemoy Island in Amoy Harbor. The province of Taiwan, despite its growing tourist trade, is an embattled garrison state at war under martial law. The Nationalist government, still dominated by the Kuomintang and its leader, President Chiang Kai-shek, remains ready to counterattack and recover the mainland whenever that uncertain time arrives. Meanwhile it sits on top of the provincial government of Taiwan with skeleton staffs still designated to take over the other provinces once they are recovered. It thus sustains its constitutional structure as the government of China and vigorously maintains its international relations, occupying China's Security Council seat, keeping diplomatic relations with some 57 countries (as compared with some 50 for the People's Republic of China in Peking), and sending technical aid missions to African and other underdeveloped countries.

Obviously there is method in this myth. It not only gives the Nationalist or "mainlander" Chinese on Taiwan a sanction for dominating the island as well as a few thousand sinecure posts for faithful though aging Kuomintang officials. It also provides a worldwide rallying point for Chinese anti-Communist opposition to Peking. It keeps in being an armed rival for power; China's civil war is not yet over; Chairman Mao Tse-tung, it is hoped, cannot yet sleep well at night. Indeed, if Peking-Washington relations deteriorate into open warfare, President Chiang may well feel his posture has been justified by events.

The Americans, on their part, have not wanted to take responsibility for dismantling the Nationalist myth and damaging the government. President Chiang Kai-shek knows his sovereign rights. Hypercritical diplomats who insist that the "king has no clothes" can be labeled unfriendly and wanting in tact. Free China can still perhaps be made a partisan issue in American politics. After all, Chiang is in charge, the economy is developing (so well that American aid has ceased), and we need access to a Chinese area that is non-Communist, where intelligence work, military programs, language training and academic research can all be carried on. The Nationalists include many men of talent, many trained in the US, skilled administrators, dedicated scholars, people oriented toward the West. We need such Chinese allies.

In the last analysis, the Americans have not wanted to push an ally around. Our aid has buttressed the Nationalist government domestically, but we have not wanted to intervene in Taiwan's domestic politics. We believe in self-determination, the main sanction we claim for our effort in Vietnam. We don't want to try to mastermind Chinese politics.

Just at this point, however, the American dream for Taiwan diverges from the Nationalist myth. Instinctively (to say nothing of our 1954 treaty obligation) we feel we cannot let two million mainlanders and 10 million Taiwanese be taken over by Peking against their will. The Taiwan living standard is far higher than on the continent. Neither Kuomintang refugees nor the Taiwan populace can morally be surrendered to Communist control unless, which seems unthinkable, they

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solemnly vote by secret ballot in favor of it. Thus the latent American sentiment is for the continued independence of Taiwan on the basis of self-determination. This makes sense in the American political vocabulary, but not in the Nationalist.

The Taiwanese interest is represented by an independence movement, but it seems to lack much organization or overt following. Its past and future are probably more substantial than its present manifestations. It stems from three basic facts: (1) Taiwan is not ancient China but through Chinese migration was settled as recently as were the 13 colonies in America – a very recent event, in the long perspective of Chinese history. (2) Before Chinese nationalism had arisen, Taiwan was modernized as a Japanese colony; during the half century from 1895 to 1945 it acquired an economic-technological base superior to that of continental China. (3) Finally, the Nationalist take-over of 1945 ended in the great Taiwanese protest of February, 1947 and the ensuing Nationalist crackdown and massacre.

This grim story is detailed for the first time by eyewitnesses in *Formosa Betrayed* by George Kerr (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1965, 514 pp, $6.95). His itemized record of organized Chinese official looting of both the public and private sectors is macabre and hair-raising. The United States kept hands off, while rapacious Nationalists despoiled Taiwan as conquered territory. This systematic exploitation by carpetbagging officials built to a climax in the eventual Taiwanese protest of 1947 and the systematic Nationalist execution of thousands, which wiped out a whole generation of Taiwan's potential leadership.

Taiwan for the Taiwanese

This holocaust, of course, preceded the arrival of most of the mainlanders in 1949. It did not commend them to the Taiwanese survivors, who had been liberated from Japan's ruthless efficiency only in time to long for its return. The subsequent success of the Nationalist land reform and economic development with US aid have grown tissue over the scar. But the sense of Taiwanese or "Formosan" national identity is still expressed by refugee groups in Tokyo, even though its expression is kept down by the police and the widespread informer network on the island.

The dream of "Taiwan for the Taiwanese" in one sense is being realized by time. College freshmen today are likely to be Taiwan-born even when of mainlander parents. Taiwanese already form a majority of army privates and a sizable part of the remodeled Kuomintang and local administration. The mainlander-Taiwanese antagonism might die away, and the American good will toward smaller states struggling for "independence" might have full opportunity, if the myth that Taiwan is China could be given up. But can it be?

The answer is uncertain, for China is a far country, with a political tradition already 1,400 years old at the time of the Magna Carta and a sense of pride commensurate with its age. China's ancient ethnocentrism is only heightened by modern nationalism, both in Peking and in Taipeh. Look at the record. Chiang and Mao, though deadly rivals, agree that there is only one Chinese realm. Since 200 B.C. it has embraced all the Sons of Han in a single entity. Occasionally it has been divided, only to be reunited bigger and stronger than ever. It is coterminous with Chinese culture. It includes peripheral peoples like the Miao and Chuang tribes, Tibetans, Uighur Turks or Mongols. They are entitled not to "self-determination" but only to "autonomy" (*tzu-chih*, self-government) within the Chinese realm. In practice this now means Sinicization, though in periods of weakness it has meant no more than a Chinese claim to ultimate overlordship.

Recognition of the independence of Taiwan as a state (bigger than two-thirds the members of the UN) is thus an idea thinkable only by Taiwanese or by non-Chinese who are "anti-Chinese." Labeled (quite inaccurately) as the "Two Chinas Policy," this concept is anathema to Peking and Taipeh alike. One hesitates even to put it in print. Though second nature to most Americans, it is evil to *all* Chinese, except the powerless Taiwanese underground. Here is a real cultural-political confrontation. It is not just an old man's crochet.

The unity of all Chinese in the realm of all-under-heaven (*t'ien-hsia*) has been the focus of Chinese politics from the most ancient times. Chiang Kai-shek entered history as the architect of the Northern Expedition of 1926, devoted to the reunification of China as the first step in its national regeneration. This is an idea far grander than that of a Cavour, a Bismarck or a Masaryk. Where European nationalists have built nations, rulers of modern China have had to remake an entire society and culture, unique in both size and age. The Son of Heaven was more many-sided than any Western potentate. His successors, contenders for central power in China, have needed a special strength to take on an especially stupendous task.

The role of a Chinese unifier is well chiseled in history: he leads by courage, character and determination. Loyal to followers, implacable to foes, he remains unaffected by the blows of fate. He never surrenders. His life he may lose, but not his dignity. In this stubborn mold, President Chiang still claims the Mandate of Heaven to rule all China.

This explains why the political process, like political thinking, remains frozen on the island. The Nationalist government, a higher echelon above the Taiwan provincial government, cannot be changed or controlled by Taiwan politics. Even though the dominant Kuomintang has in fact permitted independent Taiwanese candidates to run for office and some have defeated KMT

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candidates, the door is still not open for organized political opposition.

Behind this rigidity lies a basic tenet of Chinese politics – that a leader holds power by virtue of his conduct, which includes his policies. His institutional function as power-holder cannot be distinguished from his personal exercise of power. For this reason our concept of a "loyal opposition" – opposing a leader's policies while supporting his continuing in office – is not in the Chinese style. Criticism of the ruler in the old days was largely reserved for official censors, who criticized within channels and at their peril. This reflected the fact that China was ruled partly by the prestige of the ruler. The Son of Heaven was uniquely above mankind, a paragon of wisdom and virtue who maintained the social order by maintaining the proper teachings. Latter-day Sons of Heaven like Ngo Dinh Diem have not suffered opposition gladly. Neither does Chiang Kai-shek. Any real opposition to his policies cuts at the base of his prestige and therefore of his power. Thus the Taiwanese electorate cannot be sovereign in Taiwan.

If our differences with our Taiwan ally in political values and methods are objectively recognized, rather than papered over by the manipulations of public relations, we shall be better prepared to face Peking together. We must recognize that we do not all dream the same dream. The American interest is to preserve the substance of Taiwan's independence without demanding that our cherished English-language formula of "self-determination" be accepted in Chinese terminology. Let us continue to leave the Seventh Fleet in the Formosa Straits and the Taiwan-China relationship ambiguous and not demand neat definitions.

Is there any in-between formula that could somehow reconcile the American and Taiwanese impulses toward self-determination and the instinctive Nationalist demand for the unity of all Chinese? The only formula available from history has a distinctly "imperialist" flavor, derived from great power deals of half a century ago. By this "imperialist" precedent, Taiwan's independence could be called "autonomy" (*tzu-chih*), the way the *de facto* independence of Tibet and Mongolia was labeled after 1915. The Chinese empire had fallen apart, and Britain and Russia recognized the autonomy of Tibet and Outer Mongolia, respectively, while China continued to claim suzerainty over both areas. Under this formula, Taiwan's separation from the continent could be viewed in the long sweep of Chinese history as purely temporary, a matter of only a few decades or at most a mere century or two. Independent Tibet, as it turned out, did not survive long after Britain left India, though it is still called "autonomous"; but Outer Mongolia did survive, with Soviet backing, and is now a UN member. From "autonomy" one could move either way. But both Peking and Taipeh will denounce the idea as a "two Chinas plot."

Thoughts of Young Radicals

How to Help the Ones at the Bottom

It's too hard to find ways of giving people decent places to stay and livable incomes. It is hard because we're told that to decide to do this is also to make decisions about national fiscal policy and the social order and labor unions and the international balance of payments. And we cringe before these weighty matters. It's too hard to talk about providing what people need to live on, because someone always says that that will make them lazy and runs headlong into our American ideals of industry and upward mobility. Then what can you reply but, "yea, well, poverty is really relative and look at the hungry people in India"? You don't believe in laziness either.

I think people can get loose from the fear of deciding about things that are important by trying to consider and deal with the problems of people at the bottom. Facing them is like being on your way to a terribly important meeting on which your future hangs, seeing a kid get hit by a car, and realizing that no one will help him. You can't keep driving. Once we begin to deal with the problems of these people, we will be building a fund of ways to work and resources to draw on. So that when we move on to others (maybe to people who can't afford a toilet), we will have materials and insights to work with.

Figuring into this first set of people are the absolutely dirt-poor sharecroppers and day laborers in Mississippi, people whose ability to live through winter after winter with no money in those cold, crowded, rundown "shotgun houses" is a mystery. They can't do anything more on those plantations than work hard for nothing and die. There is no possibility that helping them would be removing them from a situation where they could help themselves and pull themselves up by their bootstraps. You just have to see little babies lying on floors with flies all over them and kids trying to study in rooms with eight other people, a TV, and one dim light bulb to be certain that, whatever juggling it may take, the country's resources ought to be employed to get for these people decent places to live and some incomes.

These workers, having been replaced by machines and chemicals, no longer have even the $3 a day that they once could make at picking and chopping cotton to pay for shoes for the children to go to school and for food and fuel. Nor do they have the prospect of

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work during the winter or next spring. Now that the bossmen don't need their labor, they are being pressured to move off the farms. They may try to make it through the year in Mississippi or they may pull together enough money for bus fare to Chicago. Whatever choice they make, they look out on a future of watching their kids grow up dumb and poor and hopeless. They can neither buy a house nor borrow money since you have to have money before you can get money. They could never get credit because they could never show that they were good risks.

What can we do? How can we get them houses that the rain doesn't come in and that the kids don't mind bringing their friends home to? How can we repair the damage to the young people of having to stay out of school, year after year, to hoe the cotton and get it in? How can we find incomes for people who now are not needed even at $3 a day?

Building Strike City

Some of us in Mississippi have developed an approach to some of these problems. In Tribbett, Mississippi, eight families have been put off a plantation because they struck for wages higher than $3 a day. They have been living in tents for four months. We have pulled together architectural, building and private financial resources so that we can, with the help of the men in Strike City, build houses for the 60 people now in the tents. The houses will be owned at first by their self-governed neighborhood corporation and ultimately by them individually.

Other interested people have already made plans to build a community center there, and they will have a community garden with the vegetables they need. We can put up a cannery for the food and can operate a reupholstering shop (after they get some furniture – now there are only beds). We hope to involve a number of the people in a building-trades training program and still others in learning and in teaching in programs of literacy and basic education. All of these would bring incomes in the form of stipends and salaries into the community. We expect to see a program of preschool education for the younger children. There are about 30 children there; nearly all of them are below the grade levels normal for their ages; many quit school long ago. Tribbett is located near Greenville, which is among the Delta towns most likely to offer employment in the coming years. For example, an MDTA training project for 800 people was just announced for Greenville. These efforts fit together in such a way that these people, who are at the bottom, will, through possessing their own homes and some income, have the means to stay in Mississippi and to move against the poverty and hopelessness that surround the lives of most of the Negro people in the state today.

Our work in Tribbett grew out of our effort to set up a three-part program for economic change: a Foundation which gives money to people to build a house; a brick factory which will make the materials to build a house; and a training program which will offer basic training in literacy and math, and vocational training. The thinking is that the first things people need, when they have to leave a plantation or some other place where their work is no longer needed, is a place to stay and some kind of income.

The Foundation is key to the entire scheme. It will be the only place a person without a job or collateral can get the money to build a home. With it we will be breaking the circle of privileges that lead to privileges. The Foundation will have a broad membership of poor people who will choose a board to handle its day-to-day operations. Money will be put into the hands of poor people to use as a base to move against their poverty. They will decide on how grants will be given and to whom.

This approach will be a lot different from that of current poverty spending. In Mississippi, poverty funds end up primarily in the hands of businessmen (rent-a-car men, airlines men, shoestore men) who have no desire to do anything for poor people, who, in fact, want them to leave the state and take their voting power with them. So it is as if the money was never there. The people are still without bathtubs; their teeth are still rotten; and the shoes that were bought still have to be replaced in three months. What also happens is that the poverty programs, by making people into field captains and aides, sap the energies of people who would be doing real work toward relieving their poverty. Since poor people don't run the programs (because most of them aren't "qualified"), they can't use them to make real changes in their style of living. And the poverty people are too busy going to meetings and driving up and down highways to do much else. In contrast, within the Foundation, money and resources will go to poor people to use as their own base of power to change the things that make them poor, to get themselves out of those shotgun houses, to find ways of creating incomes for themselves. When the Foundation (which will be statewide) turns money and resources over to groups of people (as in the case of Tribbett), these groups will form community governments which will do the work in their communities of building the homes, of running the health-care centers for old people, of running the vocational training. So that on several levels people will be moving, in ways that count.

The brick factory will sell bricks for what it costs to make them, to people who have got grants from the Foundation. The capital for it will have to come from government or outside private loans or grants, and we are still badly in need of technical assistance in setting

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it up. The factory is important because nowhere in Mississippi do Negroes run any important businesses. For it to be a success and to run on its own merits will mean to the young people who are now trying to save up the bus fare to Chicago that Negroes can make some future for themselves in the state. It will be important, too, because it can be the financial base for beginning other viable businesses in the state run by poor people.

The training program will be developed over the next six months by doing research into what kinds of things people already know and what kinds of skills other people will be paying for. When we look at what people can make money doing, we will be particularly concerned to find out where, in the state, businesses will be moving in or expanding. Knowing this we shall be able to style useful training programs and to plan the location of new housing (built through the Foundation) near towns which will be growing, and hiring people. It is pretty certain one of the areas of training will be in the building trades. Building is increasing all over the state and it pays well. We expect that this training will be especially effective in that it will fit into the building of people's own homes. In wanting to do a good job on their own houses, people will develop their skills more soundly than if they were trained by building a wall and tearing it down. Training in literacy and math will be worked into the overall scheme. Stipends will be arranged throughout the training so that people will have money to live on.

We saw that kid on the highway and this is what we thought we could do. JEAN SMITH

MRS. SMITH, *23, is a Howard University graduate (BS in Chemistry) who has worked with SNCC on voter registration in Albany, Georgia, and Greenwood, Mississippi.*

Peace Corps' Daring New Look

by Andrew Kopkind

Whatever else the Peace Corps has been, it is now the last remaining, isolated and beleaguered outpost of the New Frontier. All the other fortresses have fallen to the captains of consensus. The Alliance for Progress is desiccating in input-output economics. White House speechwriters now seek to soothe, rather than stir. The War on Poverty, despite its direction by a last Frontiersman, is more attentive to the politicians, the businessmen and the social workers than it is to the poor.

The Peace Corps retains those paradoxes of style and substance which informed the best inventions of the Kennedy years: it is expectant, contradictory, optimistic, innovative and thoroughly frantic. The gap between the hopes it raises and its own performance is huge, but the experience of frustration seems to energize rather than enervate the Peace Corps (just the opposite is the case at the poverty program). It has an abundance – or in another sense, a confusion – of objectives, but the point of the Peace Corps is that it could, just possibly, foreshadow a new kind of politics for America. It now will have a new director, Jack Hood Vaughn, and in the next year or two the Peace Corps must prove that point or die.

Congress intended the Corps to provide skilled manpower for underdeveloped countries, and somehow to promote mutual understanding. It excited a generation that was "turned off" politics because the possibilities of social movement, of personal effectiveness, seemed remote. In the Corps' first month, 17,000 applications arrived.

The Peace Corps was supposed to help bring about the kinds of small material changes in the lives of underdeveloped communities that would promote stability and "defeat Communism." As such, the volunteers were not much more than young, relatively inexpensive Point Four technicians. Their identification with poverty-stricken *campesinos* or African tribesmen simply made their jobs easier. The model was clear: the wisest colonial masters used natives as agents of their administration.

As "a symbolic gesture of friendship, an antidote to *The Ugly American*," as Associate Director Harris Wofford put it, the Peace Corps has not been very much help. Anti-American sentiment runs high or low and regimes come and go in countries where volunteers work, without relevance to their presence.

Its notions were simplistic and simple, and it was advertised that way. Everyone was supposed to live in

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mud huts, sleep on straw mats, and ride about on llamas. But what some volunteers deprecatingly call "Sargent Shriver's hair-shirt stuff" soon became more or less irrelevant both to what the Corps was doing, and to its appeal. Now there are thousands of volunteer service and community action jobs open to young people. If college kids want adventure, excitement and a chance to have an effect on society, they can go to Mississippi, or for that matter to Berkeley as well as (or perhaps better than) Jamaica or Nigeria. They can build community organizations in Newark or Chicago, or teach in a Freedom School in McComb, without the inhibitions of a government bureaucracy lurking somewhere behind the next palm tree. They are not bothered by congressmen on junkets, or Sargent Shriver on an inspection tour. They receive no boot-camp indoctrination in "American Studies, World Affairs and Communism." They don't have to apologize for working for the government while the bombs are dropping in Vietnam or the Marines are landing in Santo Domingo. Any political "incidents" they cause, or are caught in, are their own affairs.

Peace Corps applications are still coming in, but the kinds of people applying are, in the Corps' jargon, "less highly motivated" than the early volunteers. It was more than just a bad "image." Corpsmen are learning from "the movement," which had preempted so many potential Peace Corps volunteers, what is lacking in the program, and indeed in the whole concept of the Corps. It should be, they thought, a government-sponsored agency for revolution in the "third world."

"Our mission is essentially revolutionary," Frank Mankiewicz, head of the Corps' big Latin American program, said. "The ultimate aim of community development is nothing less than a complete change, reversal – or a revolution if you wish – in the social and economic patterns of the countries to which we are accredited."

Alley Cats and Tame Tabbies

Taking that tack, the Corps began to redesign its recruitment, selection, training and field programs. Outsiders, such as David Riesman and Paul Goodman, were asked what was wrong with the Corps. The answers were fairly consistent: recruitment was narrowly restricted to college types from the middle class. Selection had too much psychological hocus-pocus. It was hard to get the most creative and active people through it. Training was too short, and too much like the highly-structured, authoritarian college life most volunteers wanted to escape. Moreover, it did not make sense to train volunteers mostly on college campuses, when they were soon to be thrown into slums and farms and native villages. The work in the field should not be confined to neutral activities which State Department technical assistance teams had been doing for years, but volunteers should be able to take affirmative action for change, whether as teachers, or poultry experts, or health assistants, or political and social organizers.

The Corps took the advice seriously, in theory at least. Recruiters are beginning to go farther afield than the usual college campuses in drumming up applicants. Teams go to Negro colleges in the South, 4-H Clubs and labor unions to get volunteers and staff. Fifteen mechanics are going to Guinea next month as volunteers, and 16 physicians and their families are now in seven Asian and African countries (the Corps modified its policy prohibiting volunteers from taking dependents). It is still difficult to get older volunteers and blue-collar workers; they have debts, careers and the "responsibilities" of normal American life to tend.

Last October, Corps officials met with groups of young radical "activists," of the right and left, to explore ways of working for what the Corpsmen called "common goals." Carl Oglesby, president of the Students for a Democratic Society, and Paul Booth, the SDS executive secretary, talked with officials about possible collaboration. It was suggested that SDS might help train volunteers in community-organizing projects in urban ghettoes, or perhaps put returning volunteers to work. About the same time, Corpsmen invited Tom Hayden, the former SDS member who is now working in a Newark slum (he recently made a well-reported trip to Hanoi), to come to Washington to discuss a Corps job in Latin America. Officials are still arguing about the necessity, or even the validity, of recruiting activists (even the term is ill-defined at the Corps office). "The decision to entice student 'activists' to join the Peace Corps is a 'high risk, high gain' kind of decision," a training officer said. "When we go on the porch and whistle, we're hoping that a few alley cats will enter the door along with the tame tabbies who've been showing up." But so far, there have been no hard decisions on working with the young radicals, either as volunteers or as trainers.

Like recruitment, training is being rethought. An advance training program gives a volunteer 15 months instead of 13 weeks of preparation: one summer on a campus, then a year of related courses (language, area studies) in his regular college curriculum, and a second summer of training in a cultural setting close to the one to which he will be sent. One group spent a first summer at Dartmouth, the second in French Canada before going to French Africa for assignment. Another experiment was tried at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, last year. Volunteers went through a free-wheeling course of seminars and bull-sessions instead of the usual formal lectures.

It is easier for the Corps to juggle its operations at home than to change them abroad. In large measure, the overseas programs correspond to particular needs –

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and to particular political styles. Africa needs teachers first of all, simply to lay the basic groundwork for the development of modern communities. Most of the volunteers in Africa are, in fact, teaching. Half the secondary school teachers in Ethiopia are Peace Corps volunteers, and the presence of volunteers in 19 African nations (there are about 2,500 now in that continent) has drastically increased educational opportunities.

But those in the Peace Corps who are most interested in the possibilities for impact overseas look to the community development programs (called "CD" by Corpsmen) in Latin America. Their hope is, simply, "to transform a continent." Whether results will match their rhetoric is another matter, but the rhetoric so far is exciting. Frank Mankiewicz said: "A lower-class man in Latin America believes that he himself is powerless, and his neighbors are powerless, to do anything about their environment. People talk about themselves as abandoned or forgotten. They have lost the belief that they can accomplish anything for themselves. There are exceptions here and there in countries which have undergone some kind of premature revolution. But in most countries, although elections are held and a democratic façade maintained, elections have often been only a contest to determine which group of upper-class partisans will control the country.

"Into that situation we are asked to put Peace Corps volunteers. CD is essentially a revolutionary process, consisting of helping these outsiders to get in. Our job is to give them an awareness of where the tools are to enable them to assert their political power. The only reason that groups take a part in the political, social and economic life of their country is because they are noticed and taken account of."

The method of a community developer in Latin America is no different, Mankiewicz said, than that of a Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee worker in Mississippi. If anything it is more difficult: the peasants in Latin America have not reached the cultural and organizational level that even the most deprived American poor have. A volunteer goes into the unspeakable slums of Latin cities, or to the utterly cut-off villages, and must make "immediate, visible common cause with the people he is there to work with." His first job is to get to know the people and the setting of their lives; then he raises questions: who has the power? how did they get power? how can others get what they want? what do the people want?

The volunteer starts building a community. At first it is nothing more than a group of people who want to do a particular job – build a school, play basketball, make handicrafts or simply talk about their problems. After a while, they begin to see ways in which they can use the power which they have as an organization. "The thought will occur to do something else," Mankiewicz said. They may go to the Ministry of Education Office and demand a new school or more teachers, or they may form political movements. Throughout, the volunteer plays a subordinate role; he offers himself and his resources (which often amount to little more than a mediocre college education and standard American cultural insights) to the people to do what they want with them. He is not so much an organizer as a catalyst. He infuses the community with what Mankiewicz calls "the revolutionary spirit."

There will soon be 4,000 volunteers in Latin America; half of them are in community development. Perhaps there will be double that number (in 18 countries, including Caribbean nations) before very long. What that means for the continent is difficult to say. There were only a few hundred civil rights workers in Mississippi for a few months in the summer of 1964, but they transformed the state, and in many ways the South.

Last month, the first large-scale study of the effect of volunteers on a closed society in Latin America was published. The Cornell University "Peru Project" studied the effect of 50 volunteers in two Indian villages in the Peruvian Andes. The progress the villages had made over two years (the study ended in 1964, in the very early stages of the evolution of community organizing theory and technique) was "incredible." According to a complex scale the investigators used, development levels of the villages had almost trebled. Future growth tends to be geometric, and the possibilities are staggering. So effective was the organization, and so determined were the volunteers to get the Indians to think and act for themselves, that one of the villagers' first acts was to kick the Peace Corps out of town. Officials in Washington couldn't have been more pleased.

"Once the people in power take notice, the task of any community development organization or technician is practically done," Mankiewicz said. "You cannot control it from there on. Democracy does not guarantee good government, only representative government."

More Than a Nice Bunch

Promotion of social revolution abroad – assuming that it is possible, which is yet unproved – raises enormous questions for American policy, and makes the Peace Corps too politically vulnerable. Ironically, it has had little trouble so far; the Corps pleases conservatives because they think it is a cheap way to make friends for America. It pleases liberals because they think it is a *good* way to make friends for America. But in fact, as Deputy Director Warren Wiggins said recently in a speech at Stanford University, "Our relevance to the world is not that we are a nice bunch of people offering low-paying overseas fellowships."

The Peace Corps officials who speak most intensely about revolution, deny that the volunteers are in any sense exporting it. Revolutionary changes come from

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the people in their own lands; the volunteer opens up the possibility of change, of participating in society, of a better life. His presence is a revolutionary force, like the Christian missionary's presence many years ago.

But it may be naïve for the Corps to leave the argument at that point, as many do. What a volunteer, or a missionary, may do affects what form the "revolution" will take. A Nigerian recently wrote to a volunteer who had lived in his town, "The only whites I had ever known were reverend fathers in school who interpreted everything I did as a sure sign of fast-approaching eternal damnation." Missionaries who value activism, social and political mobility, and an open society will find their charges developing quite differently from those whose values are passivism and other-worldliness.

A Convenient Cover

In many cases, the results of community development may run directly counter to the objectives of State Department policy. Jack Vaughn has often said that if the Peace Corps had sent 450 volunteers to the Dominican Republic in 1962, as it was asked to do when Trujillo was overthrown, the military adventure of April, 1965, might not have been necessary. That might be true. If Vaughn is right, the Peace Corps approach to development will always result in "nonviolent" change. It seems logical, however, that when revolutionary forces are put in motion, the forms they will take are largely unpredictable, and uncontrollable. The Dominican uprising of last spring might have been bigger (and perhaps successful) if the volunteers had done a better job.

At such junctures, there would certainly be a clash between the Peace Corps and the Administration's "real" foreign policy experts. It is still unclear what Corps officials would do if volunteers participated themselves in the protest activities their work encourages. Wiggins once said that the Corps does not want "those who don't know where to draw the line, and who try to become political activists abroad." It is doubtful whether anyone in the Corps knows where to draw that line, and it will test the Corps' political sophistication and courage when a decision has to be made.

As it is now, the Corps is a convenient "cover" to forestall criticism of US policy. The Peace Corps, foreign aid, food for peace and the small kindnesses GIs extend to distressed peasants are the "good parts" of that policy. They comfort the minds of those who are put off by the military interventions, the irrational anti-Communism, the dictatorships supported, and the napalm raids. They are a built-in alternative policy, which allows *rapprochement* after the Marines leave. (The volunteers in the Dominican Republic were welcome all during the US intervention; they were the "other Americans," the "*hijos de Kennedy.*")

The Peace Corps cavalierly dismisses those who would shun it. A memo on a recent recruiting drive in Berkeley describes as fools or knaves the serious critics of foreign policy, and the Corps' ambiguous role as a distraction, or a kind of comic relief. Such ideas may fit Shriver's view of liberalism, and his patronizing opinion of the new radicals as fascinating and instructive curiosities who protest too much, even if that is their charm. But criticism of the Corps in the "activist" generation is more general than Corpsmen realize.

The Peace Corps answers critics who would shun it as an agency of US foreign policy: "If you want to change it, join us." Like the "hair-shirt" ads, that carries a great deal of sophistry. The Peace Corps is not going to bring "peace" in any simple sense; if anything, it may cause more wars than it prevents. But there are implications in the Corps for long-range changes in the conduct of US foreign policy, and for many people they constitute the Corps' significance.

"I am not alone in thinking that the greatest impact of the Peace Corps may well be in the United States when volunteers return," David Riesman has said. Now there are 18,000 returnees; by 1970 there will be 50,000 and in 1980 there may be 200,000 or more. It is a good Peace Corps game to conjecture about their influence in America. They will be very different products than their middle-class contemporaries who stayed in college or went into business or a profession with no comparable experience, nothing to "stretch" themselves (in a current phrase) out of the familiar conformist mold. Volunteers go through a process of radicalization: they are forced, in their two frustrating, difficult, often baffling, and only occasionally "successful" years abroad, to explore the roots of their own ideas about things. They begin to see that language is bound up with society and politics and class, that culture is not something to be exported or imported, that the poor are nasty and brutish and so are the rich. It can be a shattering experience, but it is almost always an educating one. Volunteers are much less the "tame tabbies" when they return; they have had an effect in a very direct way, and they are not willing to settle for the same alienated, voiceless status their fellow-Americans seem to enjoy. Half the returnees go on in college (education is said to absorb the "cultural shock"), many go into community activities similar to their Peace Corps work. Hundreds get on the Peace Corps staff, others take various government jobs.

Most of the returnees will be post-radical. They do not have to buy credentials by joining the front lines in a march or a sit-in. They have gone, to borrow the title of a current SDS monograph, "from protest to radical politics." It would delight SDS to know that as their own paper was being written, the Peace Corps' Warren Wiggins was delivering a speech called "From Applied Altruism to Nation Building." It amounted almost to the same thing. Wiggins may have failed to

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realize, however, that protest remains inextricable from the kind of "existential politics" both he and the radicals are developing.

Like the returnees, the Peace Corps officials have been "stretched." "I've changed a hell of a lot in the past five years," Wiggins said. In his Stanford speech he admitted, "We have been surprised to find that we are more than we thought. We might not have looked and we might not have noticed the difference except for the movement."

As an institution of government, the Peace Corps was uniquely conceived, and Corpsmen want to build its "nonstructure" into a permanent form. Last year, they recommended to Congress (which approved) a five-year limitation on staff jobs, the first such instance of premeditated self-liquidation, Wiggins said, since the federal government began. There is a volunteer forum, run by returnees, once a week in the Washington office. Bureaucratic procedures have been stood on their head: staff meetings include anyone the director wants, not just line officers. Much Civil Service "job classification" nonsense has been thrown out. There is fluent communication between the lowest and the highest officials, and between staff and volunteers. Outsiders make frequent (and frequently critical) evaluations of programs, and their criticisms are taken seriously. It makes the atmosphere in the agency offices different from any other large bureau in Washington.

Not only Peace Corpsmen hope that their way of running a bureaucracy, as well as their ideas about politics and society, might influence other parts of government. But so far, the effect has been small. What it would mean for the Peace Corpsmen to be running, say, the State Department is anybody's fantasy. Could the elements of fluidity, participation, communication, and innovation work in an old-established, highly-political setting?

The only model available is discouraging. Jack Hood Vaughn's brief career as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs was not a very happy one. As far as anyone can tell, he could (or would) do little to make a difference in the altogether disastrous course of Latin American policy since the assumption to power of Undersecretary Thomas Mann. Vaughn arrived at State to take Mann's old job only a few weeks before the Dominican intervention; it illustrated the opposite of almost everything he has been saying about Latin America for years, but he obviously had to defend the policy (some of his friends say he did as little defending as possible). Senator Robert Kennedy is supposed to have stormed out of Vaughn's office during a briefing before Kennedy's Latin tour; the story is that Vaughn took the Mann line, that the Dominican affair had not seriously impaired US-Latin American relations, and Kennedy violently disagreed.

Even if it is true, Vaughn is understood now to have returned to his old, *simpatico* self. He began community development at the Peace Corps, when he was regional director for Latin America. Before that, he was an AID director, a USIA officer, a teacher and a professional boxer (26 fights in Mexico as Johnny "Chopper" Hood). His political philosophy is somewhat on the sentimental side; like his former colleague at the Peace Corps, Bill Moyers, he has the air of a failed preacher (Vaughn is the son of a Montana cowboy). He told the Rio de Janeiro Conference last November that he wanted to "put love back into the Alliance for Progress." He seems to have the notion that social revolution in Latin America may take place in a political vacuum, devoid of the effects of a hundred years of party-building and revolutionary theorizing. When it comes to *specific* revolutions, Vaughn is usually against them. He told Peace Corpsmen that the Charter of Punta del Este (establishing the Alliance) was "almost the greatest thing written since the Bible." "It's revolutionary and it's right and it's progressive and it's Christian and it's modern and it's tough and it's almost unobtainable."

That is also a good description of the Peace Corps. It would be a mistake to think that the Corps had "arrived." It has only recently started moving in a recognizable direction. It still must answer a lot of hard questions, and fill in its rhetoric with results. Is it going to recruit slum kids and farm boys and plumbers and fishermen as well as a "cross-section of highly-motivated, middle-class college graduates"? It hasn't made much of a start yet; the 12-page application form is enough to put off almost everyone but college types.

Will the Corps train volunteers in slums and Freedom Schools and migrant labor camps, and the like? What will happen if trainees "don't know where to draw the line," as Wiggins said. Can the Corps withstand the political pressures? Will the most progressive people in the Corps have to go underground to work for the changes they want?

Breaking the Pattern

Can it really make a dent in the pattern of bureaucratic organization, as Wiggins hopes? The concept of "institutionalizing anti-institutions" is novel and necessary (the student radical groups are hung up on the very thought of building an organization bigger than a loose cooperative of a few hundred young people). The Corps needs to go a lot further than five-year limitations and volunteer forums.

And finally, it has a job cut out for itself convincing Congress and the public that revolution, not the traditional notion of stability, is a valid objective of US policy. The old idea of what is the "national interest" dies hard. But the Peace Corps could be the first break in the old politics of nationalism. Foreign service officers go overseas as Americans. So do volunteers, but

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they stay to work as men and women. Most of them, by the time their two-year stint is up, realize that they have done little to help America; later, they may understand that they have done a lot to help themselves, and the *campesinos* or the slum-dwellers, or the tribesmen, or the Indian chicken farmers. What they are doing is not internationalist, in the sense of the United Nations – a confederation of representatives of parochial nations. Rather, it is nonnationalist. It has less to do with nations and their foreign relations than with people and their human relations. That is a point the Peace Corps needs to make.

Why Our Methods Aren't Working

Somewhere in Vietnam

In the war for the people, the only one that will eventually count, the Viet Cong continue to win. In many areas the people have begun to consider whichever side lets them live in peace is the "right" one. If his rice can be brought in, traded for market goods and a relatively safe life be led, the average rural citizen (over 80 percent of the population) is satisfied. The Viet Cong recognize this and their ability to return a contested area to "normalcy" is uncanny.

Up to now one of the best means to challenge the Viet Cong's control of an area has been by use of Special Forces camps. Composed of a 12-man US Army Special Forces A-Detachment, a Vietnamese counterpart team, and from three to 400 CIDG (Civilian Irregular Defense Group) troops, its mission has been "area pacification." The hope is that if, with saturation patrolling and a forceful civic action program, the farmer's crops can be harvested and not taxed by the Viet Cong, and the merchant's commerce can be guaranteed, then the area (usually it is a district) can be considered as being under the control of the central government. Sometimes this works.

One of the most populous provinces in Vietnam is Quang Ngai, with its capital city about 100 kilometers south of Da Nang. In April of last year, a Special Forces A-Detachment moved into the Son Ha District, 30 kilometers west of Quang Ngai, to build a camp and run operations. The road between the province capital and Son Ha was protected by an ARVN battalion at Ba Gia, the middle point of the road. Although the Viet Cong were still able to move troops through the area (as they can almost anywhere), it was considered under government control. Commerce prospered and the government troops became more complacent.

In July, however, the battalion at Ba Gia fell and the Viet Cong gained control of the entire portion of the province from the outskirts of Quang Ngai west to Outpost 66, just six kilometers from Son Ha. Prices went up as the Viet Cong taxed all goods, vehicles and sampans trying to pass through.

One village, Dong Ke, in the shadow of Outpost 66, the easternmost one of the Son Ha defense system, lived in a twilight world and played the "who's in charge here?" game. During the day, the Popular Force soldiers from the outpost would come down and visit the village, but they made sure to be back up on their hill at night when the Viet Cong came. The market place closed down and less than one-third of the population of 3,000 remained. There were no schools, dispensaries or any other indication of the presence of the government of South Vietnam. Except for infrequent civic action patrols, which generally drew heavy sniper fire, but distributed bulgar wheat and salt and held a sick call, the village was ignored by the government. As the grass grew up in the streets, Dong Ke began to look like a ghost town.

On New Year's Eve, Outpost 66 was overrun by a battalion-sized force, and three days later the Viet Cong had moved into Dong Ke. Signs demanding that the Americans get out of Vietnam were all over the town. Steel *punji* stakes, crude but effective, were placed all around the outpost. The road between the village and Son Ha was cut, booby trapped and fenced. It would now take a reinforced battalion to clear the area of Viet Cong, but this help was denied the Special Forces camp.

Just two weeks later, the Viet Cong have allowed traffic to come back through from Quang Ngai and the market is booming. People are moving back to their homes and the village is starting to live again. By proving that they can provide a normal life for the people under their control, the Viet Cong have done more than the central government has managed to do for a long while. It is easy to see to whom the people are going to look for protection now, and, because of the concentrated psychological warfare campaign, it will take much more than a military victory to win back the area.

For all the US presence and might in Vietnam, we are not fighting the war as it is. We are trying to fight a war of attrition and are making the same mistakes with the people as the French did when they lost Indochina. Some one needs to tell the generals, both the American generals and South Vietnamese generals whom the Americans have taught, that this is not Korea or Europe and that their methods are not working. Perhaps a few more losses like this one will wake them up. Perhaps, also, it might not be too late. A. C. WEED II

The writer has been in the Special Forces for almost three years but hopes to return to Yale this fall.

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Arms and the Boy

by Joseph Featherstone

Wars do not necessarily make writers. The First World War broke and killed a good many. But it also enlarged the audience that understood and felt the questions raised by war, issues that have always mattered to writers. For a time, the soldier-artists Bernard Bergonzi discusses in this excellent little survey recaptured a public: not the prewar public of official poets like Kipling, but a vast, subversive body of opinion

Heroes' Twilight
by Bernard Bergonzi
(Coward-McCann; $5)

which suspected that the war was a blood-stained humbug. One of the minor shocks of a wholly shocking war was the discovery that serious writers could celebrate it. A small thread snapped in the great fabric of ideas holding together the prewar world when it was seen that the images poets struck to comprehend this terrifying experience were, in an appalling, accusing way, beautiful. *Heroes' Twilight* is concerned with an episode in the forming of our own consciousness, for our attitudes are in part shaped by the literary generation he is concerned with, those who undermined the traditional response to war. After the war poets were through absorbing the experience of 1914-1918, Bergonzi says, stating his theme, "heroism as a kind of behavior might still be possible, but not the rhetoric and gestures of heroism." We are so steeped in the debunking anti-heroic mode that many of the attitudes the Great War revealed seem as remote as light from a star. It is hard, for example, even at a distance of fifty years, to credit the stupidity of a figure like Curzon, who as he watched some troops bathing is supposed to have expressed astonishment that the lower classes could have such white skins. The incongruity of the war, from our point of view, is the contrast between its modernness and the mentality of its many, many Curzons: it is this sense that prompts such mordant little masterpieces of humor as the English review, *Oh What a Lovely War* ("Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?"), or the irreverent captions in A. J. P. Taylor's *Picture History of World War I* ("Lloyd George casts an expert eye over munitions girls"). In our minds Falstaff has triumphed over Hotspur, and we always try to turn our age's obsession with violence into farce. As far as we can.

This book comes at an interesting time, because, to the British, World War I remains peculiarly the symbol of the trauma of change in this century. Perhaps because they are now engaged in much uneasy speculation about their diminished role in the world, the British seem fascinated by the Great War. (Another reason is that it is their popular epic, like the Second World War for us.) It is far enough away to be history, but there is a feeling that its consequences are not, that as an event it somehow illuminates the fate of modern Britain. How much of an idyllic world the war did shatter is an open question, and there are historians who say it simply gave a push to existing trends. Nobody, I think, is dismissing the demographic catastrophe, the long harvest of young lives, for that was a loss beyond measure or repair. But there are historians who point to signs indicating that prewar society was badly twisted out of shape by 1914. George Dangerfield, for one, has shown how the web of compromises called Liberal England was unraveling under the strains of the suffragettes, Ireland, and industrial revolt. And Barbara Tuchman suggests in her new collection of essays, *The Proud Tower*, that there is a rule of thumb for considering all the statements about how palmy the old order was: most of them are made in memoirs written after the war. Still, if the conflict did not bring about the fall of leisured, cultivated Europe; and if the golden haze of memory deceived, the Great War was accepted by many as a dramatic symbol of the fall of Heartbreak House. It was a way of marking a transformation which everyone felt was final. Bergonzi's book has a second theme, this lamentation for a vanished England, whether past, imaginary, or real. This sharpens the contrast between American and British writing on the war. Our brilliant, cocky experimenters in literary technique emerged feeling personally outraged, as though the main point of the war was that it gypped them. After five months of the fight they were romantic rebels – with a faith in a certain kind of heroism – which is a very different thing from being disillusioned and spiritually exhausted. There is an impersonal, collective sadness in the British writing, a note of elegy for the past which even the rebels share. This was expressed in a poignant letter from D. H. Lawrence to Lady Asquith in 1915:

> "So much beauty and pathos of old things passing away and no new things coming . . . this house . . . these shafted windows, the elm trees, the blue distance – the past, the great past, crumbling down, breaking down . . . under the weight of many exhausted lovely yellow leaves, that drift over the lawn, and over the pond, like the soldiers, passing away into winter and the darkness of winter – no, I can't bear it. For the winter stretches ahead, where all vision is lost and all memory dies out."

This premonition of disaster was sensed by many in the years before 1914, and it was often coupled with the shy, stylized love of rural and past England that marks the group called the Georgian poets. (The same elements appeared in E. M. Forster's fine novel, *Howard's End*, 1910.) Making intelligent use of C. K. Stead's study of the group, *The New Poetic*, Bergonzi shows that the characteristic early war poetry was in fact a continuation of the Geor-

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gians, so that this mildly anemic movement protesting, among other things, the prewar imperialists, laid the foundation for the best writing of the war. As he says, the poets volunteered to defend the little, liberal England they had praised, and ended by having to come to terms with mass murder. It isn't surprising that the poetry deepens and grows more sombre as the conflict locks into foot-by-foot trench warfare. The dividing line was about the time of the Battle of the Somme in the summer and fall of 1916 – where the British lost 60,000 men in one day's fighting. After that, the poems of Brooke, Grenfell, and Sorley, the Georgians, have a wispy, self-centered look. They are preliminary sketches by contrast with the work of Graves, Blunden, Read, Sassoon, and of course, the two great poets, Rosenberg and Owen, both killed in the last year.

Robert Graves and Herbert Read wrote good poetry in 1914-1918, and both have been concerned with the experience, directly or indirectly, throughout the rest of their careers. Graves, who spent more time on the front than most, could not really write serious poetry again after the peace until he published his bitter, brilliant autobiography, *Goodbye to All That*, in 1929. It and Read's short memoir, *In Retreat* (1925) are two of the really impressive prose works of the war. As late as 1933, Read wrote his long poem, *The End of a War*, about an incident on the last day of fighting; it is as profound a work as any produced by this war.

Bergonzi has a good chapter on Siegfried Sassoon, whose glistening satire further deflated the heroic mode and revealed the growing alienation of the front-line soldiers from civilian patriotism. In the summer of 1917, Sassoon provoked a storm by issuing the following statement:

> "I believe that this war, upon which I entered as a war of defense and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow-soldiers entered upon this war should have been so clearly stated as to make it impossible to change them, and that, had this been done, the objects which actuated us would now be attainable by negotiation."

He was hospitalized for shell-shock. His vain protest in 1917 is still of interest now, because it suggests the two classic weaknesses of a democracy at war. First there is a tendency to blur war aims into unattainable or meaningless popular slogans; and a further tendency for these blurred war aims to shift in emphasis as the conflict continues, creating a crisis of confidence and morale at the front. And second, the hysteria generated at home in support of a democratic war pushes the fight to the point where victory costs more than defeat, which was certainly the case in 1917.

The two master poets were Isaac Rosenberg and Wilfred Owen. Rosenberg, in contrast to most of the other writers, was poor and served in the ranks. He is not very well known, and in linking him to Owen, Bergonzi persuasively accords him a larger stature than he usually gets. Rosenberg had a cosmopolitan, rich mind, and his poetry achieved dense effects of thought and association, as in his best poem, "Dead Man's Dump":

> None saw their spirits' shadow
> shake the grass,
> Or stood aside for the half used life
> to pass
> Out of those doomed nostrils and
> the doomed mouth,
> When the swift iron burning bee
> Drained the wild honey of their
> youth.

Rosenberg's promise was outweighed by the achievement of Owen, although Bergonzi has some interesting speculation about the sort of poetry each would have written after the war if they had lived. Owen's range was intense and narrow – as he said "My subject is War and the pity of War." His best poems were written between August, 1917 and September, 1918. It is certainly true, as Bergonzi says, that he gave the poetry of the anti-heroic attitude its absolute expression, but it also seems to me, as Bergonzi hints, that his finest poems transcended that attitude. In the late meditations on death of both Rosenberg and Owen there is a transition to a strange, exalted mood of detachment and even acceptance; particularly with Owen, the war took on cosmic insignificance, as in "Futility" where he hopes that the sun may rouse a dead soldier.

> Think how it wakes the seeds –
> Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
> Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are
> sides,
> Full-nerved – still warm – too hard
> to stir?
> Was it for this the clay grew tall?
> – Oh what made fatuous sunbeams
> toil
> To break earth's sleep at all?

He began to consider the war a ritual sacrifice, and a kind of impersonal religious quietism overcame him at the end – "For 14 hours yesterday I was at work – teaching Christ to lift his cross by numbers, and how to adjust his

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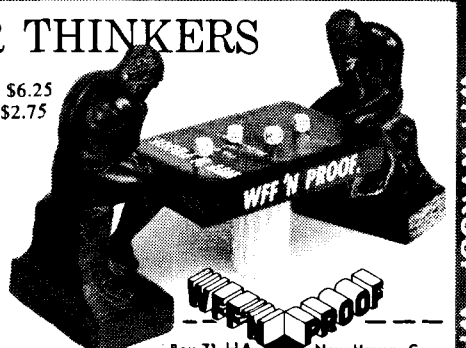

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crown. . . . With a piece of silver I buy him every day, and with maps I make him familiar with the topography of Golgotha."

The remaining chapters chronicle the subsequent fate of the familiar themes: the end of the Hero, the lament for rural England, the conviction that centuries of tradition had ceased to be relevant, and the bitterness of the soldiers against the civilians, particularly the women – a phenomenon that reappears in American fiction of World War II. There are good chapters on Ford Madox Ford's excellent *Parade's End*, the volumes of which kept appearing through the twenties, and a discussion of a symbolist epic about the war by David Jones, entitled *In Parenthesis* (1937), which sounds fascinating. These last chapters are sometimes a little confusing, because there is not the attention paid to chronology and history in them that the war chapters get. You have a feeling that there are good reasons for the rise and fall of interest in the war in the twenties and the thirties, but except for an occasional insight, Bergonzi ventures no full explanation of the war as a myth. Still this is a small complaint to see beside the achievements of a critic who, a rare bird in the academic aviaries, is sensitive to language and to history as well.

His judgments in general are so shrewd that his dismissal of T. E. Lawrence in a careless paragraph must be the exception that proves the rule. *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (partially published in 1927 and then fully in 1935), is Lawrence's account of his role as a British agent in the Middle Eastern War. In part, it is a great war narrative, but it represents something more interesting; in complaining of Lawrence's self-advertisement, Bergonzi is pointing to the nature of his literary enterprise, which was an attempt to represent an ideal self. While there is room to disagree on Lawrence's qualities as a writer – I think he was pretty good – there is no question that *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is a disturbing variation on Bergonzi's theme, the decline of the heroic. For it was just Lawrence's sense that the older idealisms were shattered that led him to pursue his vision of a new heroic ideal, often to sinister lengths. His strange career was a quest, a search for a modern chivalry which

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began when he lived among the Arabs and came to see his own civilization in Ezra Pound's phrase as "an old bitch gone in the teeth." The new chivalry stressed above all the loss of his own individuality. This is what makes Lawrence so characteristic of his time: he redefined the hero as the agent of History, so that the honor of the role lay in its very anonymity. He was the faceless servant of the forces of necessity, the man who moved for an ulterior purpose. (He was also a complicated being – I'm talking about the ideal.) The difference between Lawrence and others who shared his search was that Lawrence was unusually honest with himself: "I had pushed my go-cart into the eternal stream, and so it went faster than the ones that are pushed cross-stream or upstream. I did not believe, finally, in the Arab movement; but thought it necessary in its time and place." Through Europe in the twenties and thirties there were many of these new heroes, drawn by what Hannah Arendt has called the despair of individual human possibility. It is a kind of heroism whose lights still flicker in our time.

American Roulette

by Richard L. Strout

Harold Laski once wrote of America's odd system of selecting a President that "good luck in a lottery is no excuse for a lottery." To which James MacGregor Burns now declares, "Our system for choosing Presidents is almost ideal, it seems to me. . . ."

A good many people have called presidential campaigns too long: they point with envy at the British method. Not so Mr. Burns. He hails "Kennedy's tremendous effort of 1957-1960" as possibly the prototype of "the presidential nomination campaign of the future." And he thinks "The crowning glory of the whole system is the fall campaign." Here the great drama snaps into focus "in the short span of ten or twelve weeks." He adds, "The whole presidential system is almost ideally suited for the selection of men who *can* become great in the White House."

Presidential Government
The Crucible of Leadership
by James MacGregor Burns
(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95)

Well, maybe Mr. Burns is right. A reporter who has been slogging it out with presidential candidates ever since the days of steam trains, has doubts. But Mr. Burns is happy that the process defeated Barry Goldwater, and maybe he has a point there.

Mr. Burns' book is largely a reply to those who fear the modern Presidency. This reporter thinks he is a bit starry-eyed, but it is always nice to be reassured. The US is not likely to elect an authoritarian type of President, he thinks: the presidential institution has evolved its own checks and balances. "Decision making has become such a collective process that a solitary act of lunacy would be virtually impossible."

The other big popular fear about the Presidency, says Mr. Burns, is that the powerful President may crack up under intolerable strain, as James Forrestal did as first Defense Secretary.

Mr. Burns grants that this is "a serious, even frightening problem" but here again he goes back hopefully to what, essentially, is the thesis of the book, that the slow evolution of the office has institutionalized it more than it looks. "The only protection possible is the one the White House already affords: a group of men closely related to the President who can restrain him if need be. . . ."

For those interested in the other side of the argument we recommend Herman Finer's, *The Presidency, Crisis and Regeneration,* and Rexford G. Tugwell's, *The Enlargement of the Presidency.* They argue that the one-man job is now impossibly and dangerously demanding, and that it requires functional reforms. Mr. Burns seems to feel that the subtle process of collectivizing has already begun and it has gone far enough to remove most of the danger.

Messrs. Finer and Tugwell wrote in the discouraging days of 1960. But we now have a superman in the White House with the energy to try to handle Congress in the morning, and foreign affairs in the afternoon. Possibly inspired by the Johnson spectacle, Mr. Burns indulges in some extremely rosy hopes: "Given the harmony between ends and means . . . we can expect that well before the end of this century, and perhaps much sooner, we will have achieved equality of opportunity in this nation." When this imminent miracle has been achieved Mr. Burns says that we must turn to new goals: to improve the quality of life rather than just the quantity of our national goodies.

Mr. Burns seems to fear that there may be a "corruption of consensus"; in fact, that we shall *all* become so infernally palsy-walsy that we will run out of worthwhile objectives. This reviewer is panting far behind Mr. Burns by this time but he catches sight of him again – and applauds – in the final sprint:

> "The greatest need of the Presidency in the years ahead will not lie in internal changes . . . [but] an opposition that challenges presidential values, presidential methods, presidential institutions. . . .
>
> "Of all the vital elements of American democratic government the national opposition is the most disorganized, fragmented, and ineffective. As a responsible opposition to the President, Congress is an almost total failure. . . . The greatest need of the American Presidency is a potent and competitive Shadow Presidency. . . ."

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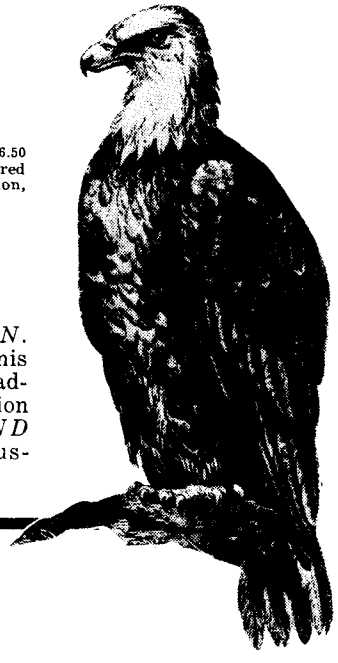

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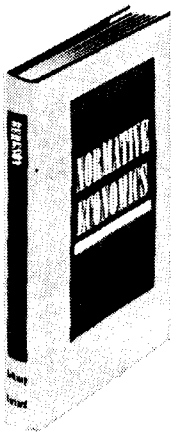

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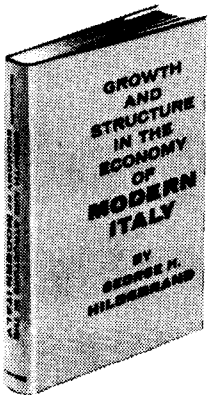

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The Odd Fish in Iris Murdoch's Kettle

by Martin Tucker

Iris Murdoch has been fishing in polluted waters. Of course this is nothing new. Her hero Jake in her first novel, *Under the Net*, cadged drinks, skipped on his rent, damaged his ladyfriend's apartment, blackmailed friend and foe alike, stole dogs, and pilfered secrets from his philosophic allies. But at least Jake was wracked by his deceptions, and he always invited his friends to share in his ill-gotten loot. As a matter of fact, Jake ended up by rejecting the easy life which an old girl friend offered him in a Parisian boudoir. Jake was as much married to poverty as he was spiritually single.

The Red and The Green
by Iris Murdoch
(Viking; $5)

But a lot of dirty water has fallen since Miss Murdoch first caught Jake under the net of merciful exposure. Eight novels have followed that first one published in 1954, and within the last five, the course of the stream Miss Murdoch is pursuing is clear and very treacherous. Miss Murdoch has turned from investigating the sane to propagating the grotesque as a high religion of behavior. She has gone from situations in which people are troubled by empty-of-center idiosyncrasies to situations in which characters justify their aberrations as superior ways of attacking life. In her last five novels the egos laid on the altar for worship were: an aunt who blackmails her nephew with the revelation that she and his father engaged in incest; an Irish patriot who must imagine women as "degraded boys" before he can go to bed with them; a British army officer who discovers he has never loved anyone but his male cousin (*The Red and the Green*); an Italian girl whose supposed elemental stability allowed her to experience homosexual love with her aged employer and heterosexual love with her employer's son; a wife who shared her lover with her daughter and who carried his child at the very moment her daughter was undergoing an abortion (*The Italian Girl*); an aged lesbian using her money, wit and considerable literary imagination to bind a beautiful cheat of a girl (*An Unofficial Rose*); a Cambridge don of Wagnerian proportions who strides like a general and sleeps with her brother like a queen (*A Severed Head*); and a beautiful, self-centered murderer (*The Unicorn*). In Miss Murdoch's recent work the human is measured not by the distance from the normal or the genuinely superior, but from the grotesque which flowers above him like a vine with exotic grapes and monstrous tendrils.

The good news about Miss Murdoch's newest novel is that she has dropped some of her tricks. The detailed fantasies and the spiral comic twists of her plot furniture she now reveals in a manner that no longer overwhelms the reader. In this sense, Miss Murdoch has "prepared" the reader for her characters' devious behavior and consistent inconstancies. Yet almost one-third of the novel is undramatized family history, and unlike her previous work, the resolutions are a little too pat.

The Red and The Green, I would guess, is a transitional work. First of all, it is Miss Murdoch's initial historical novel. The setting is the week before the Easter Rising in Dublin in 1916. Her cast of characters is large – the skein of an Anglo-Irish Protestant family, with some Catholic convert members. Lady Kinnaird, or Millie, is probably the central character, for she has the power to attract and destroy most of the male members of the family. It is Millie who claims she slept with her brother; it is Millie who drives a distant relative, usually so cautious, into a careless act of bravado that results in his death; it is Millie who fights bravely on the side of the rebels and saves two of her relatives from immediate death. Eventually those two relatives, plus the nephew Millie loves, are killed, and Millie herherself is reduced to poverty and alcoholic dottiness, though she never loses her verve. The family is dispersed by the last chapter, and the concluding passages transfer the scene to England during the Spanish Civil War crisis, when another generation of men must decide whether to engage in senseless or meaningful fratricide.

Miss Murdoch has moved forward in this work, for which all of her readers will be grateful. Perhaps it is more accurate to say she has moved backward – back to the deeper feeling displayed in *The Bell*, without recourse to intellectual comedy or wit to hide the pain of her feelings; and backward to the simplicity of style of *The Sandcastle*. Certainly she is still dealing with deviant behavior, but she has dropped much of her devious and gimmick-ridden manner. Her interest in character has grown closer to acceptance of it for its own value.

Yet while the news is good, it is not a declaration of triumph. In *The Red and The Green* Miss Murdoch shows dangerous signs of remission. Millie, for instance, is her old "femme fatale," the mysterious woman who enchants, corrupts and destroys, and who is never possessed – a fictional cousin of Hannah in *The Unicorn*, Maggie in *The Italian Girl*, and Emma in *An Unofficial Rose*. Uncle Barney is the same bumbler who sank in the mud in *The Unicorn* and

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committed all the naïve gaucheries of *The Italian Girl*. Miss Murdoch's young men are high-strung, neurotic, and usually bisexual, who always come alive but are never plausible. The rampant symbolism of her two previous novels – while much subdued in *The Red and The Green* – still sticks its irrelevant head into a mass of melodramatics at various points in the book.

The trouble then with Miss Murdoch's work is that she is still borrowing from her earlier cleverness, but with decreasing originality. Her "lifting" can be seen most obviously in *The Unicorn*, published only a year before *The Italian Girl* and two years before *The Red and The Green*. In *The Unicorn* a beautiful woman is under a seven-year sentence for trying to murder her husband. There is a question of course about the murder, for Miss Murdoch is never plain and never simple. In one sense it was not murder, for Hannah did not premeditate her act, and she committed it in a moment of wild abandon, in a struggle above a deep cliff. Still she did hate her husband, and she did push him over the brink. Fantastically he lived; his fall was broken by a bush, and he returned to the house, a cripple, and placed Hannah under moral arrest. The novel is an investigation into the truth of Hannah for all the characters coming into contact with her. In the process of discovering the real Hannah, each of the characters comes to that crisis where he discovers himself.

Now Hannah is a number of things. She is a murderer, for having failed to murder her husband, she murders her husband's lover. She is also a flirt and a tease – she drives at least two men to utter devotion and distraction, one of them finally killing himself in despair over his knowledge of love and truth as he and Hannah have created it. The other man is a love-cripple, unable to love any other woman but Hannah and unable to attain her, since she will not forfeit her *belle dame sans merci* attitude. Hannah is also a bit of a drunkard, though that is small pickings in the moral tenor of this novel. The question Miss Murdoch plays with is manifold, but all the parts revolve around the Hannah-wheel. Is Hannah guilty for the suffering she causes others by her power of attraction? Does Hannah's guilt go unpunished – she is a free woman in her house, even though confined to it. Is Hannah a liar and an evil woman (as Violet Evercreech, a woman also in love with Hannah, calls her), causing evil wherever she appears?

Miss Murdoch may be perverse, but she does not upset moral codes *only* for the fun of it. One can detect in all her novels an attempt at illuminating the moral arena in which her characters are placed. Nor has she left – even if she has strayed from – the central issue in her work: a foredoomed attempt to find a unifying philosophy that will integrate the fantastic absurdities of human behavior. I say "foredoomed" because Miss Murdoch knows that human character is too elusive to be defined. In her first novel she wistfully revealed her own feelings through the words of her narrator, Jake.

> "To Dave's pupils the world is a mystery; a mystery to which it should be reasonably possible to discover a key. The key would be something of the sort that could be contained in a book of some eight hundred pages. To find the key would not necessarily be a simple matter, but Dave's pupils feel sure the dedication of between four and ten hours a week, excluding University vacations, should suffice to find it. They do not conceive that the matter should be either more simple or more complex than that."

Miss Murdoch knows that such a philosophy is a visionary ideal, and in her earliest published work, a study of Jean Paul Sartre, she criticized that French writer for romanticizing on its possibility. Her strength lies *not* in her romantic wish for such a knowledge but in her clearheaded recognition of its impossibility. And working on this premise her novels have always been presented as observations wittily and cleverly obtained, but never as firm definitions of the human condition.

Yet something has happened to her work in the past seven years. As early as 1957, critics were saying she wrote two kinds of books – those with a moral vision and those in which she played with fantastic possibilities of behavior. *Under the Net* and *The Flight from the Enchanter*, her first two novels, are playful books – the characters commit robbery, rape, petty damage, suicide,

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and have mighty funny times getting drunk. In *The Sandcastle*, a very serious novel about the extramarital affair of a schoolteacher and a young painter, she showed her other side. *The Bell*, published in 1958, seems to mark the turning point in her work. In that novel she is writing in the same exalted seriousness of style as *The Sandcastle*, but she has become interested in abnormal sexuality. She does not deal with homosexuality or incest as abnormalities *per se*; she deals with them as mysterious, exotic approaches to the mystery of self. And the interest from every novel after *The Bell* lies less in its characters than in the perversities and exotic secrets within those characters.

Miss Murdoch has allowed, in other words, her novels to become playthings of the mind, rather than compassionate comments on human kind.

Anthony Burgess says her "flabbiness" and lack of true concern with human character was prefigured in *A Severed Head*, but it started years before with *The Bell*, and her interest in Michael, the idealistic and high-minded homosexual. Miss Murdoch was trying to portray with honesty a kind of love that rarely has been painted without self-consciousness. Michael was one of the members of a utopian community near an abbey of nuns set up by him and his friend Peter Topglass (another of Miss Murdoch's comic nameplates). Michael had come to Imber after suffering disgrace and dismissal from a private boys' school for supposed homosexual advances towards one of his students. At Imber Michael has to face again his problem. The boy who denounced him years before comes there as a communicant; and another young boy, Toby, beautiful and naïve, arrives on the scene. Michael is trapped a second time by his idealized passion for the adolescent on the brink of adult experience. He is twice found guilty for his contemplation of the beautiful and pursuit of the innocent.

Miss Murdoch repeats this pattern in two later novels – *An Unofficial Rose* and *The Unicorn*. In all three the homosexual situation is of an older man and a younger boy. The older man is idealistic; he is attempting to sublimate his sexual desires but the beauty of his younger companion overwhelms his resolve. In *An Unofficial Rose*, a diplomat retired from the Service because of a homosexual scandal, takes the fourteen-year-old grandnephew of his friend to London to give him a taste of life. Miss Murdoch is discreet enough to avoid details, and the experience, far from causing trouble to anyone, only helps the boy become quite sophisticated and mature for his years when he returns home. The same thing happened to Michael and his young partner Toby in *The Bell*, after Toby left for Oxford. Previous to this, he was, as Miss Murdoch describes him, "far from the sophistication of holding that we all participate in both sexes. He believed that one loved either men *or* women, and if one was unfortunate enough to develop homosexual tastes one would never be able to live a normal life thereafter. This thought filled him with an insidious fear." In *The Unicorn* the homosexual motif is much more intense. Several homosexual affairs occur – Hannah's husband is queer; the husband's ex-lover continues the pattern by taking on a younger boy as his lover, and Violet Evercreech suffers a frustrated love for Hannah, the mistress of the house.

I am not belaboring Miss Murdoch for *not* being, say, an Angela Thirkell or a Pamela Hansford Johnson, and dealing with people in more humble and conventional walks of life – though it should be clear by now that Miss Murdoch is a Victorian novelist who deals with decayed family life and moral values in an elegantly corrupt manner. In her pursuit of homosexual material, however, Miss Murdoch has turned more and more into a Gothic writer interested in the thrill rather than the emotional experience, and in her search for the mystery of self she has confused titillation with discovery. Her people may be unconventional, her situations are shocking, but her novels are not necessarily any the less superficial for these props. And in continuing to exploit the odd and the amoral, Miss Murdoch has reached the point on her drawing board where the characters are turning into caricatures.

In the past Miss Murdoch has always shown her strength in picturing eccentricity, but lately she seems to have little point of departure for her eccentrics. Take, for example, from her second novel, *The Flight from the Enchanter*, in which a young lady throws a paperweight at a fish bowl. The fish slide onto the carpet, and the owner of the house picks them up and deposits them on a silver platter. He is saddened by the loss of life, and walks out of the house for a recuperative breath of air. In her later novels Miss Murdoch's characters are dead, odd fishes to begin with. They are searching for air from the very start.

Miss Murdoch makes the parallel explicit, although she may not have been aware of it when, in *The Bell*, she has Michael's first homosexual lover called "a poor fish" by at least three characters. In *The Unicorn* she has a salmon pool to which all the characters trying to find a new life are drawn. The moment of first love, the breakthrough from a stultifying apathy of two of the characters, takes place next to that home of the fish. Even in *The Red and The Green* she has Millie calling herself "an odder fish than you imagine" when she finally confesses her love for a young man.

Miss Murdoch, hopefully, is too good a writer to continue to let dead fish get in her way. With her latest work she has slowed, if not halted, her march to self-destructive mockery by grabbing onto a historical moment and investigating in her unique way the perversities of character caught in a tragic social web. If *The Italian Girl* did her in, she has shown her suppleness by getting off the hook of literary sleight-of-hand and sexual morass in *The Red and The Green*. She is, of course, still fishing in troubled waters, but then all writers worth their salt dive into a self-provoked storm of complexities.

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Dominican Dilemma

by James Nelson Goodsell

President Johnson's decision to intervene in last April's revolt in the Dominican Republic will go down in history as one of his most controversial and questionable actions. When United States Marines went ashore April 29 they launched a debacle from which Washington has yet to extricate itself. The landing was the start of a new and tragic chapter in the tortured record of hemisphere diplomacy – the conclusion of which will probably be years in the future.

Dominican Diary
by Tad Szulc
(Delacorte Press; $6)

Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned
by Dan Kurzman
(Putnam; $5.95)

Caribbean Crisis
by Jay Mallin
(Doubleday; $1)

The intervention revolved around a simple issue: Were there sufficient numbers of Communists in Santo Domingo to take advantage of confusion within rebel ranks and were these Communists in fact in control of the movement? Overlooked by Washington were the moral issues involved, the principle of nonintervention so cherished in Latin America, and most important of all, the wishes of the Dominican people themselves.

Washington's efforts to assure the American public that its intervention was decided upon only after the Administration had become absolutely certain the Communists were in control, remain less than satisfactory. Indeed, one suspects that Washington acted without really knowing what was happening in Santo Domingo on those tragic days in late April.

The United States Ambassador, W. Tapley Bennett, Jr., was visiting his mother in Georgia when the revolt began. Eleven of the 13 members of the Military Assistance Advisory Group were in Panama for a routine conference. The Embassy's Naval Attaché was dove hunting in the lovely Cibao Valley in the northern part of the island. The director of the economic mission was in Washington for routine conferences.

The Embassy, as a result, was in the hands of William B. Connett, Jr., who had been in the Dominican Republic a mere five-and-a-half months. And he was to remain in charge for three-and-a-half days while Ambassador Bennett, a genial Southern gentleman, tarried in Washington. During those three-and-a-half days, as we are now learning, there was a major lack of information flowing from Santo Domingo. The United States Embassy was not sure what was happening, but suspected the worst – *i.e.*, that Dominican Communists were running the revolt taking place only blocks from the Embassy compound.

I don't mean to suggest that Washington's decision on intervention would have been different if these various officials who were away had been at their desks during the first days of the revolt. But their absence was to prove critical as time went on, for the events in Santo Domingo, among the rebels and among the military, had a way of coming quickly one upon another so that continuity of observation by US officials was imperative.

As newspapermen in Santo Domingo realized early in the intervention, the US Embassy was woefully unprepared to cope with the rising fury. No matter whether the reporter felt the intervention justified or not, few if any newsmen on the scene found the Embassy a source of clear thinking, much less of help, in sorting out the course of Dominican developments.

Three of the newspapermen who spent those tragic days in Santo Domingo, arriving either in the first wave of newsmen or in their immediate wake, have written books on the Do-

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minican crisis – on the revolt and the intervention. None of these is a definitive account. That will come later. Meanwhile, these books serve to bring together the various threads of the Dominican story and point up the tragedy of the whole affair.

Two of them – *Dominican Diary* by *The New York Times'* Tad Szulc and *Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned,* by *The Washington Post's* Dan Kurzman – are full length treatments, allowing the authors ample room to explore the makeup of the rebel forces, the military oligarchy aligned against the rebels, and the nature of the American intervention. The third book, *Caribbean Crisis,* by *Time's* Jay Mallin, is a thin paperback rushed into print within weeks of the start of the revolt.

Interestingly, the three approach their story from considerably different angles. Szulc writes what his title implies: a diary, but a critical and comprehensive one. Kurzman dwells considerably more on Dominican history as a backdrop for the revolt and then treats salient issues in the crisis. Mallin works topically – taking first the background, then the rebels, the GIs, the Communists, the US role, and the Organization of American States role. By far the more interesting and worthwhile presentations are those of Szulc and Kurzman.

More has happened in the Dominican Republic since Szulc and Kurzman sent their manuscripts to press – but developments there have not changed the basic points the authors make. Indeed the military resistance recently to provisional government efforts to send a group of the officers into exile only highlights the problems raised by the Dominican military which both Szulc and Kurzman illustrate.

The Szulc book is a day-by-day account of what he saw, heard, and felt during the first five weeks of the revolt. What emerges is a pattern of ineptitude and inefficiency on the part of the US Embassy. Without embellishing, Szulc makes clear that it was unable to cope with, much less understand what was taking place on the island.

"I am inclined to conclude," writes Szulc, "that the original error of the US was to misjudge the nature of the rebellion, largely because of the inability of US diplomats in Santo Domingo to understand the forces at play."

In all of this there is real tragedy, for as Szulc points out, the United States lost an excellent opportunity to align itself with a popular democratic movement – at the same time using its powerful leverage to keep the feared Communist influence from rising. The result was obvious to many observers: the rebels were caught in a vise and if the Communists took on new importance in the rebel cause – and the fact has not been established yet – they did so because they assumed the role of being the only "friends" of Dominican democracy.

Szulc does not question President Johnson's decision to send Marines into Santo Domingo to protect American lives. It is interesting to note that few Dominicans with whom I spoke in those early days of the revolt objected to this American action. It was only when the intervention broadened that objections began to be heard.

Szulc's book raises another point which has been too little discussed. Washington did not speak with one mind during those April and May days. It spoke with many minds and many opinions. Indeed, it was hard for newsmen to know what official US policy was from day to day, as Szulc observes. Washington would one day support General Wessin y Wessin, on another it would shy away. Early in the revolt, the US formed a junta around Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert, one of the assassins of the late Dominican dictator, Rafael Trujillo. Then it spent three summer months trying to get rid of him. On and on, this confusion in policy bedeviled the Americans and proved what one Embassy official in Santo Domingo admitted to me: "We have no policy here and haven't for months."

Kurzman is equally trenchant in his criticism of Washington. The Marines and airborne troopers who landed in late April and May "basically confronted not the Communists . . . but the Dominican majority which wants democracy and rejects Communism, regardless of Red efforts to exploit the situation." To Kurzman, this was an unnecessary act for it "antagonized people who were among the best friends" the US had in Latin America. Further, Kurzman argues, the intervention "placed in question, by casting

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Marshall D. Shulman

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doubts on the Administration's judgment and credibility, the wisdom of its action in Vietnam," which Kurzman favors.

Kurzman ably argues that Washington ought not to apply "uniform solutions to the Communist problem in all threatened or supposedly threatened countries." To compare Vietnam and the Dominican Republic is a horrid mistake, he believes, for the two situations are not comparable. Yet, as I have learned in travels around the United States since the Dominican intervention, there is a tendency on the part of the American public to regard the Vietnam and Dominican situations as similar.

The overriding value of Kurzman's book is its linking of the Dominican revolt and US intervention to the broader Latin American picture. "The United States," he says, "tried to stop not just the Communists but the revolution itself." This is something many Latin Americans – liberals, members of the non-Communist left, and many moderates – worry about. Intervention was bad enough, but intervention to stop a democratic revolution was worse. What happens if a revolt breaks out in some other country? Is Washington so skittish on the Communist issue that the mere mention of a Communist in an Embassy cable will start the military wheels turning in Washington? Will the United States back a right-wing civilian or military regime in the hemisphere as a refuge against a left-wing threat or even a liberal movement that had the whiff of suspicion of such a threat? Latin America fears that on the basis of mere suspicion that a revolt has Communist collaboration, Washington *will* act unilaterally.

Kurzman concludes that there is still time for President Johnson to revise this impression and hopes the Dominican crisis will prove but "an unfortunate digression from the road heading to a brighter future" for inter-American affairs.

Nothing substitutes for the first person singular in reporting, which Szulc especially, and Kurzman often, give us. Mallin is something else. It was rushed into print to serve as something of a primer. It is more a polemic. The cover contains the subtitle: "subversion fails in the Dominican Republic." Mr. Mallin writes that within hours of the start of the revolt, the Communist presence in the rebellion was apparent. "The executions, the arming of civilians, the attacks on foreigners, the setting up of strongpoints, the leading of mobs to the offices of anti-Communist newspapers and political parties – all of these were traditional Communist tactics in a revolutionary situation," he says.

Some of the events he writes about took place; others, on careful study after the fact, didn't. The attacks on foreigners, for example, was a charge leveled at the rebels during the early days of the fighting; it proved false. The executions, which apparently took place, were perpetrated not by the rebels but by the government forces.

This reminds one of the charge made in the US Embassy at the height of the crisis. An Embassy official held up a copy of *The San Juan Star* with a picture of rebel commander Caamaño on page one. Caamaño had his arm upraised and his fist clenched. "This is another proof of the Communist direction of the movement," reporters were told. The statement was quickly buried when one reporter turned to page three of the same paper and found a picture of President Johnson with his arm and fist in the same position.

As the smoke of the Dominican battle clears enough to allow for hindsight, the warning of Szulc needs emphasis. He wrote: "The subtle task of distinguishing between Communist danger and a democratic revolt – which may turn into Communism if we do not play our cards right – cannot be left, it seems to me, to officials, on the scene or in Washington, who are easy prey to personal prejudices which isolate them from realities."

If nothing more comes out of the Dominican tragedy, it would be enough if Washington understood and accepted this point.

Notes on Contributors

Richard L. Strout *is a veteran newspaperman.* Martin Tucker *is on the English faculty of New York University.* James Nelson Goodsell *is Latin America correspondent of* The Christian Science Monitor.

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Government and Big Money

by Nathaniel McKitterick

LBJ calls it the Great Society; the French call it "a more complete view of man." Both are talking about the future of modern capitalism. There the resemblance stops.

The Great Society is the projection of a highly skilled and very sentimental politician. The French slogan, attached to the French Fourth Plan, is the projection of a generation of highly skilled and unemotional civil servants who owe very little to Charles de Gaulle.

Modern Capitalism:
The Changing Balance of
Public and Private Power
by Andrew Shonfield
(Oxford; $10.50)

The Great Society wraps up a bundle of disconnected legislative acts, most of which are designed to fulfill promises made in the past. The French Plan is a deliberate and coherent effort to channel some of tomorrow's increase in the Gross National Product into purposes more profound than increasing consumer cash, purposes which the French planners hope will be more in tune with what tomorrow's Frenchmen will want.

The strategy of the Great Society is consensus, that is, the engineering of the highest common denominator of agreement around specific legislative acts. The strategy of French planning involves the leadership of a professional and intellectual élite, who constitute "a lobby for long-term economic growth inside the government."

These are but two of the contrasting styles in the art of government in the Western world. As Andrew Shonfield shows in this vast and fascinating book, there aren't any serious opponents of capitalism near the sources of power in the West today; intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic have ceased trying to fight it and have joined it instead. This degree of consensus hasn't precluded controversy; rather it has, in Britain and Western Europe anyway, liberated controversy from the spell of dominant personalities and from preoccupation with the sterile ideological wars of the past. It makes possible a new flowering of debate about the arts of government in free societies which reminds one of nothing so much as the spirit of the great debates of our revolutionary years.

Shonfield traces the development of modern capitalism on an enormous canvas, and with the care with which Rand-McNally traces roads on the maps. Fortunately, he writes with the wit and flair of J. K. Galbraith or the reader would end up in a ditch somewhere in Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden or the United States, all of which are visited extensively on his tour. As it is, there are the ingredients for several books here, but, as a good and spontaneous conversation does, this one leaves the reader with a feast of thought to sample at leisure.

Shonfield is preoccupied with the problem of managing prosperity – the problem of inflation, if you will. This is the economic problem with which all major Western governments have been dealing most persistently since 1950 – except, let it be said, the United States at recurring intervals in the 1950's. It is the problem President Johnson must face in his economic message this month, if, as seems inevitable, our prosperity must finance an enlarged "guns and butter" program.

There has been a lot of self-congratulation among journalists and politicians recently over the belated acceptance of Keynes' doctrines for controlling and reversing the downward swings of the business cycle. But to most serious students of government these problems are old hat – long since "solved." For years, most economists of note here and in Western Europe have been concerned with Keynes' and other theories for maintaining economic growth over the long run and spreading it to those who for one reason or another are still outside the main economic stream. And here again there is a growing consensus. "The essential truth about cost inflation," Shonfield writes, "is that any policy designed to mitigate its effects must concentrate on the management of production rather than the management of demand." Neither constant, undifferentiated injections of consumer purchasing power nor conventional means for maintaining confidence in money through flexible fiscal and monetary policies will serve to maintain the momentum of modern capitalism.

Shonfield doesn't argue this proposition in theory; he shows that all Western governments, whatever their professed ideologies, are beginning to act as though the management of production rather than the management of demand was the answer to inflation and to the problem of maintaining and spreading long-term economic growth. In other words, all Western governments are beginning to take planning seriously. Whether one considers planning a dirty word or not, it is an excellent point from which to view not just modern capitalism, but modern democratic government as well.

Shonfield's central character is the intellectual in the role of civil servant. He's no hero; in Anglo-Saxon countries he is more often lashed for being a stick-in-the-mud. But Shonfield's characters are exciting, nonetheless. He sees the discrete power of the civil-servant-intellectual (whether employed in public or private enterprise) as the determinant of modern capitalism's future.

It is refreshing to read a book which treats the role of the civil servant seriously and interestingly. Often all we get is piety or diatribe from businessmen or professors, otherwise occupied, who have given a few years to public service the way a good Buddhist sometimes takes a sabbatical as a monk,

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only to return with relief to the Nirvana of the marketplace or academia. This kind of sentimentality, Shonfield suggests, is prevalent in Anglo-Saxon societies because they persist in maintaining hard and fast lines between public and private power. But the growth of capitalism has blurred those lines. Today's modern democracy must either accept and build on "the changing balance of public and private power" or watch the engines of capitalism run down. In this circumstance, the civil servant's role as an active participant, innovator and intruder in public affairs is crucial.

Is it beyond our wit to marry the need for long-range planning to the imperatives of public accountability? Shonfield recognizes this as the key unresolved question of modern capitalism in the immediate future. It's a good question for the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress to ponder while it celebrates this winter the twentieth anniversary of the Employment Act of 1946 to which the committee owes its existence. The committee members could even justify a trip to Paris in the name of transatlantic cross-fertilization. The major preoccupation of the authors of the current French Plan, according to Shonfield, is with the very problems of public accountability which the Congress, on the whole, handles so well.

ART

Dürer and Drawing

If you're in New York and within walking distance of the Morgan Library, don't miss the magnificent exhibition, "Dürer and His Time," now at the Library. From the collection of the Print Room in the State Museum at Berlin, the show is the latest and in some ways the most interesting of the long series of drawing shows initiated by Anna-Marie Pope as director of the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service and still carried on by the Service. German art of all kinds has always been more linear than that of anyone else and the great period of German draftsmanship was that covered by the show, roughly the years of Dürer's life, 1471 to 1528.

By happy coincidence, the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, has just opened an open-ended series of major exhibitions from its print collections, the heart of which, of course, is the great benefactions of Lessing J. Rosenwald. The first show, entirely from the Rosenwald Collection, is in an area in which that collection is especially strong, "Fifteenth Century Woodcuts and Metalcuts," mostly Germanic. There is an obvious chronological overlap, and vast differences in technique, intent, market and sheer talent separate the two bodies of work. Nevertheless, taken together, these two immensely rewarding exhibitions offer an extraordinary view of a great change in German art during the life of Dürer.

The Rosenwald prints, of which there are 365 on view at the National Gallery, were mostly made for popular use. They are overwhelmingly religious in theme and the religion involved is somewhat repulsive to modern sensibility, though there are many exceptions. The collection includes such curiosities as an early road map of central Europe, showing the pilgrim how to get from Nüremburg to Rome, various moralizing prints, including a wonderful warning against dice playing, an enchanting sequence of five pairs of fighters squared off as if in a formal dance, and that great cartoon of Pope Paul II and Emperor Frederick III wrestling for control of Bohemia while balancing in the crow's nest of the papal ship of state. Also, there are a number of religious prints of great tenderness, most of them the madonna and child.

But the stress is elsewhere. It is religious with powerful undertones of sadism and cruelty. Most of the prints are colored, the process being the hand or stencil application of water color upon black and white impressions, not true color printing. The colors survive marvelously over the centuries and are

A letter from

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harsh, even lurid. In general you get unattractive, glaring reds, greens and ochres. Due in part to the processes used in producing the prints, the drawing *is usually quite crude; the act of* cutting into wood with knives continues to exist in the prints.

I suppose most Americans today think of Christianity in terms of Christmas more than anything else: mangers and Magi, gifts of gold, bright stars, shepherds, Amahl limping into NBC. The Germans of the 15th Century did not. There is scarcely a nativity in the 365 prints. Here we have the grisly, detailed suffering and death of Christ. Print after print comes in on Christ praying in the garden, sweating blood while the Apostles sleep; the favored sequence then moves into flagellations of all kinds, including one wildly non-scriptural one in which the Virgin Mary watches the beating through a window, the various painful stages of the carrying of the cross and the crucifixion. There are many visualizations of theology, in which, orthodoxly enough, Christ is portrayed as having saved the world by his death. But always there is great interest in the details of these arrangements, with blood flowing from Christ's body to mankind in great streams of red, with Christ, for example, crushed as in a wine-press by the Father and the Holy Spirit.

From scripture and theology, we move to the saints, another key to the state of Christian sensibilities at any point in time. From the 17th Century until the 20th, for example, Catholic Christianity has centered its interest on saints of extraordinary personal piety and self-conscious cultivation of virtue, from the Spanish and French mystics of Baroque Christianity to certain 19th-Century figures we moderns find slightly revolting. In 15th-Century Germany, the focus was on martyrs and the gorier the form of martyrdom the better. There is an orgasmic representation of St. Sebastian in a curved and rigid ecstasy on receipt of his arrows. Most popular is St. Erasmus, who met his death by drawing, *i.e.*, his intestines were slowly wound out of his supine body and up onto a turning spit. St. Francis, always popular ever since his life and death in the 13th Century, is not portrayed as a garden saint, patron of a bird-feeding station, poet, poor man, converser with the sun and with animals. No, invariably the representation centers on his reception of the stigmata: that moment, that is, when the saint was shown God's favor by having mysteriously imprinted upon his body duplicates of the wounds Christ received during the crucifixion. The bloody holes appear in hands, feet and side, sometimes connected by rays to the original wounds in a Christ floating above. The message of this St. Francis, as indeed, the message of most of the religious prints in the show, is clear: suffering is not only good for you, it is a positive value to be sought out and cherished.

These elements are by no means absent from the drawing show at the Morgan Library, but they are played down in favor of several other things.

As a matter of fact, this dark side of German art turns up in the drawings in quite another fashion and in another subject: witches. The nude ladies, sometimes young and seductive, more often old bags, turn up regularly. But in Wolf Huber and Baldung Grein, in Urs Graf and Niklaus Manuel Deutsch, the subject is given distance and detachment through the sheer quality of the line. Moreover, the witches are a tiny part of the show at the Morgan. There are landscapes and portraits in great number. There are studio sketches of the kind made as notes for future work and there are, especially among the large group of Dürers, finished drawings meant to be regarded as completed works in themselves. The Italian influence is clearly visible; it was, after all, the quite conscious effort of Dürer himself and several of his contemporaries to bring the blessings of Mediterranean culture over the Alps. Yet something of the old Germanic line remains, a line now instructed, civilized, beautiful. On seeing both shows you end with the odd feeling that the Germans, from Caesar on, resisted Romanization right up until the eve of their final break with Rome, and at that point succumbed with enthusiasm and great distinction.

FRANK GETLEIN

COMING

The Rewards of Failure

by Irving Howe

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Correspondence

In Hot Blood

Sirs:

To one who has always had a high regard for Stanley Kauffmann's film criticism, the review of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* (January 22) comes as an unhappy surprise. For Mr. Kauffmann has failed entirely to come to grips with the nature of Capote's achievement and the questions it raises.

Mr. Kauffmann dismisses the assertion that Capote has written a "non-fiction novel," but he does not seem to have a very clear idea of what such a work would be. What Capote has done, it seems to me, is to create a novelistic work of the non-fiction material of journalism: novelistic in that it proceeds by the conscious arrangement of material so organized as to produce a depth of effect beyond the simple sum of details; and journalistic in that its material is intentionally limited to our external knowledge of true events. Working with material which is qualitatively no different from that which could be found in the newspaper accounts of the crime, Capote produced a work which goes far beyond the simple exposition of exterior fact.

Thus Mr. Kauffmann's description of *In Cold Blood* as "a 343-page true-crime chronicle which does little more than recount a crime" not only manifests a remarkably limited perception of the scope of the book, but betrays as well a failure to appreciate the central premise of the work. For certainly it is evident that the supposition of *In Cold Blood* is that there is edification to be gained from an intelligent description of an event which had admittedly limited importance: that in the accumulation of significant detail we come to understand much more than the fact that four people were murdered and their murderers eventually caught and executed. And an overwhelming crime, the ultimate fact in the lives of several people, is not an insignificant subject for art.

It is precisely those details which do not directly "recount a crime," the details which apparently bored Mr. Kauffmann, that make the book something different from a newspaper account. The effect of the crime on the people involved, especially the criminals; the realization offered to the reader of the utter purposelessness of the act and of the full horror of fleeing it; the atmosphere of the penitentiary and of the process of capital punishment, so described as to make them seem a modern inferno, are all part of the further dimensions of what is superficially a "true-crime chronicle."

What is suggestive and provocative about Capote's accomplishment is the very fact that he refrained entirely from editorial comment or intrusion and achieved all his effects through the manipulation of straight narrative. Mr. Kauffmann's complaint that Capote "leaves unexplored this whole area of latent homosexuality" is self-defeating. If Mr. Kauffmann finds this significant, and it may be, the implications are there for him to draw, as he has done.

Andrew Kull
Ithaca, N. Y.

Stanley Kauffmann has green eyes.

Donald Windham
New York, N. Y.

Many thanks to Stanley Kauffmann for his excellent and penetrating review of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood.* I am especially impressed by Mr. Kauffmann's independent spirit. He is the only reviewer I have read who has the insight to be less than enthusiastic about this widely touted book and to call a spade a spade, or in this case, a poorly written book just that: a poorly written book.

Barbara K. Feld
Detroit, Michigan

Nice try Stanley Kauffmann. You seem to have missed the whole point. . . . You complain that there is no "psychological inquiry" and no attempt to rationalize the criminal personality. These so-called defects are in fact the strength of the work and emphasize the essence of a non-fiction novel.

In writing a non-fiction novel the author assumes that the actual story is worth the telling. Once making this assumption he must tell the story with all his art and skill. The story itself is of the essence and any illuminations, morals, or instructive comments must be inherent in the story and perceived by the reader. If the author intrudes his own interpretations, theories or psychological insights then the term non-fiction novel no longer applies. The beauty and success of *In Cold Blood* is that Capote avoided the pitfall of making the narrative a sermon on capital punishment, the effects of environment on behavior or any other such point of view.

Mr. Kauffmann states that Capote is "the most outrageously overrated stylist of our time." This is an amazing statement when you consider that the exact opposite is, in fact, the truth of the matter. Capote has never been applauded by the "intellectual set." His works seldom appear in a college English Literature course. The fact that his books are read and re-read by so many people does not seem to impress the academicians. . . .

Stanley Kauffmann is suffering from what I call the Henry James syndrome.

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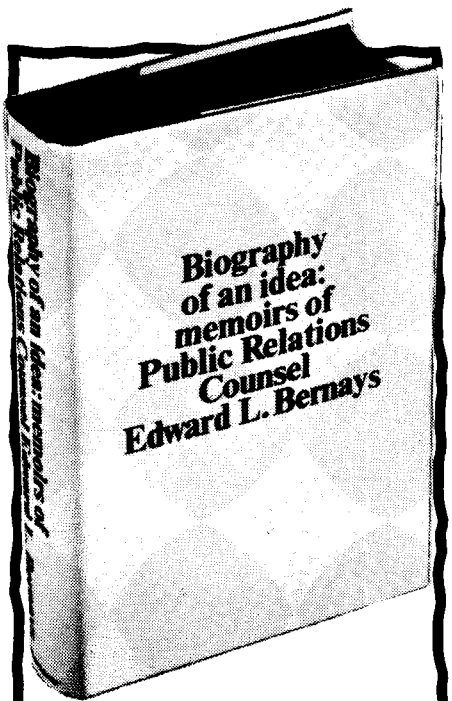

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Just look at his use of novelist name-dropping: Flaubert, Proust and Joyce. (Whoopee!) Apparently an author must be exceedingly tedious before he is considered significant. . . .

I would like to implore the editors of *The New Republic* to print a favorable review of Capote's book. It is very easy to tell what you don't like about a work of art. It is extremely difficult to explain why you respond to a work of art. In deference to the multitudes who responded so strongly to Capote's book I would like to see another review printed.

Norman E. Roth
Pittsburgh, Penna.

The tendency of our time to judge a book by its cover, or a piece of writing by its label has, in the discussion of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, reached its logical conclusion. Your Stanley Kauffmann devoted much of his review to an absurd discussion of Capote's absurd publicity. He had to lose because you can only beat such a con by ignoring it, by reading the book for what it is (a piece of writing), and having your say. He was sandbagged into departing from formal criticism for that most sterile of all arguments, the criticism of form. As everyone except a goodly proportion of our literary critics knows, it is not the form that lives or dies, it is the writing. Forms exist for the convenience of critics and teachers of literature. Writing is what people read. Perhaps the fact-or-fiction argument ought now to be suspended and our overly-ambitious critics returned by their editors to their function of telling us why they like what they like, and conversely.

Thomas B. Morgan
New York, N. Y.

. . . I would like to suggest that there is room for a variety of styles in literature and that Mr. Kauffmann's review of Capote's book is cranky and narrow.

The absurdity of the review increases when one with any feeling for language reads Mr. Kauffmann's comment: "The depth in this book is no deeper than its mine-shaft of factual detail; its height is rarely higher than that of good journalism and often falls below it." This is a choppy, unbalanced, trite sentence. Following this, in his conclusion, Mr. Kauffmann descends to the mere cleverness of the *Time* style.

I wish to protest modern criticism's trend of pretending that a work is a failure because it does not achieve something it never intended to do. This technique, as practiced by Mr. Kauffmann, Mr. Brustein, Mr. Norman Podhoretz, and Miss Pauline Kael, is fascinating but dishonest.

F. Anthony Macklin, Editor
Film Heritage
Dayton, Ohio

. . . I suspected from your advance blurbs that Mr. Kauffmann's review would not be a favorable one; I nonetheless looked forward to some engaging writing, some lively comments and some incisive insights. Instead, I read a waspish, superficial, incompetent "put down." Either Mr. Kauffmann was so incredibly insensitive to the book's singularly detached poignancy that he missed the point – or, because of some misguided snobbishness, he deliberately set out to attack a critically and financially successful best-seller. . . .

I am not looking for a favorable review. Just an honest, intelligent and knowledgeable one. Next time – let Brustein do it!

Leatrice Karlin
Great Neck, N. Y.

. . . Stanley Kauffmann has himself created a new genre: the Non-Review of the Non-Fiction Novel. It would seem that he willingly overexposed himself to the pre-publication puffery in order to heap scorn not on the book, which he himself says is "readable" and "generally interesting," but on the blurbs and *Life* interviews. The best way to treat Capote's absurd pretensions to Art is to ignore them and to read his book as a slightly better than average *New Yorker* "Annals of Crime" piece. . . .

Donald B. Stauffer
Altamont, New York

What a relief. . . . The book is as readable as a good detective story, and exactly as memorable. Surely the amount of money involved – that famous $2 million – is primarily responsible for the adulation being lavished upon the author. The money and the time. Six years in the making. By this criterion we should be scornful of Handel's having turned out the Messiah in three weeks. If we remember that Dickens wrote *Great Expectations* in less than two years, how can we escape wondering what Capote was doing with all that

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time? Oh yes, training his memory! We are supposed to be impressed by an author's leisurely pace: *Ship of Fools* took twenty years, therefore it must be great. *The New York Times* told us so; and now it informs us in an unprecedented amount of space (ten pages) that *In Cold Blood* is, among other things, a "major moral judgment," a "testament of faith in . . . the soul."

In Cold Blood could have been just as effectively composed by, say, Ross McDonald in six months. . . .

Thank you, Stanley Kauffmann, for your good sense.

Sylvia Alberts
New York, N. Y.

. . . We consider ourselves liberals and would like to have our liberal magazines reflect balanced dissent. We welcome a careful critical voice. This did not seem to be the case with Kauffmann's recent review. Perhaps it is the smart intellectual/liberal attitude today to give a resounding slap to any work well publicized by *The New York Times* and *Life* Magazine. Whatever the reason for devoting so large and stinging a diatribe against Capote's book, the main effect is the loss of any valid points in its shrill invective. Your judgment is suspect from its sharp cruelty, and the reader is left solely with the image of the critic building himself up at the expense of the writer. This is a posture we deplore whether it is visible on either right or left. . . .

Norman and Elsie Landstrom
Needham, Mass.

Be Wary of Weariness

Sirs:

Writing book reviews across the Atlantic has one drawback to set against its many advantages: one is not on hand to proofread one's copy. The standard of proofreading on the *NR* is so high that I have never yet been brought up against the problem – until your issue of January 15, where on page 24 you make me speak of Mr. Harvey Breit's criticism as characterized by "a note of mingled sympathy and weariness." I wrote, of course, "wariness." Sympathy and wariness are what we look for in our literary critics: weariness is what we often get instead, but not from Mr. Breit.

John Wain

Containing CIA

Sirs:

Harry Howe Ransom's article, "Containing Central Intelligence" (December 11) forces me to make the following comments.

The author advocates a full-scale public inquiry covering all categories of government support, direct and indirect for foreign intelligence and research. The CIA has in the past been subjected to six major governmental studies. The author now calls for a *public* inquiry – disregarding the costly damage to CIA's clandestine operations resulting from this particular type of investigation.

What motivates Mr. Ransom to make the above recommendation? According to the author, American taxpayers spend at least $500 million a year on the agency without knowing what this money buys. Were the average taxpayers aware of CIA's expenditures, how many espionage agents would want to risk their lives for clandestine operations – fully supported by the enlightened taxpayer? . . . .

The article states that CIA has earned America a growing reputation as a blundering, crass, reactionary world power, and that when CIA has "won" it has often been no more than a victory for the *status quo*, often the propping up of an inadequate foreign government. These are obviously journalistic exaggerations, but they nevertheless indicate that the author erroneously believes that CIA can give America a reactionary posture and prop up foreign governments without guidance from State Department and policy makers.

Mr. Ransom insinuates three times in his article that CIA was the cause of the Bay of Pigs disaster. It was in the "Plans Division" of CIA, states the author, where the Bay of Pigs plan originated. It is public knowledge that the original invasion plan, wherever it was conceived, was not fully implemented by last-minute executive order. It is also undeniable that any plan conceived by CIA *must* have approval by higher authority – *prior* to its implementation.

"Containing Central Intelligence" raises the problem of organization. The author finds it disappointing that the Agency still retains responsibility for espionage, counterespionage and cov-

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ert political action and of questionable validity that these responsibilities are combined with massive research and analysis. The reason for CIA's responsibility for the latter function is that raw intelligence produced by espionage and counterespionage is unreliable unless processed through an interlocking organization for research and analysis. The centralizing control over these combined functions is required to avoid duplication and prevent one agent tripping on another's cloak and dagger.

In conclusion, one must admit that *The New Republic's* article on CIA is not entirely without merit since it includes Mr. Ransom's casual remark: "A question to probe is to what extent the CIA problem" may be a "State Department problem."

Robert D. van Roijen
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Ransom replies:

By my definition, a public inquiry would be similar to the one conducted by a Task Force of the Hoover Commission in 1955. Or it could be made by a select Joint Congressional Committee. In 1955 the Hoover Commission unit rendered two reports, one classified and the other made public. Some such procedure would have to be followed in any new public inquiry, in order to protect legitimate secrets. Whatever the procedure, it is imperative that a shattered public confidence in CIA be restored. This cannot be accomplished by simply another intelligence community secret self-study.

As to the CIA's role in earning America a bad name around the world, I do not entirely blame the CIA. Often the agency has acted in a policy vacuum, the fault in part of the highest policy makers and not the CIA alone. But too often the agency has appeared to misread the facts of a situation. A case in point is the Bay of Pigs disaster, blame for which I assess equally on the CIA and the Presidency.

Granted, there are organizational dilemmas regarding the assignment of intelligence roles and missions. But the evidence suggests that something is radically wrong with the structure as it exists now.

As to what "motivates" me in making my criticisms and recommendations, I request that my critic assume that my motivations are the same as his.

Harry Howe Ransom

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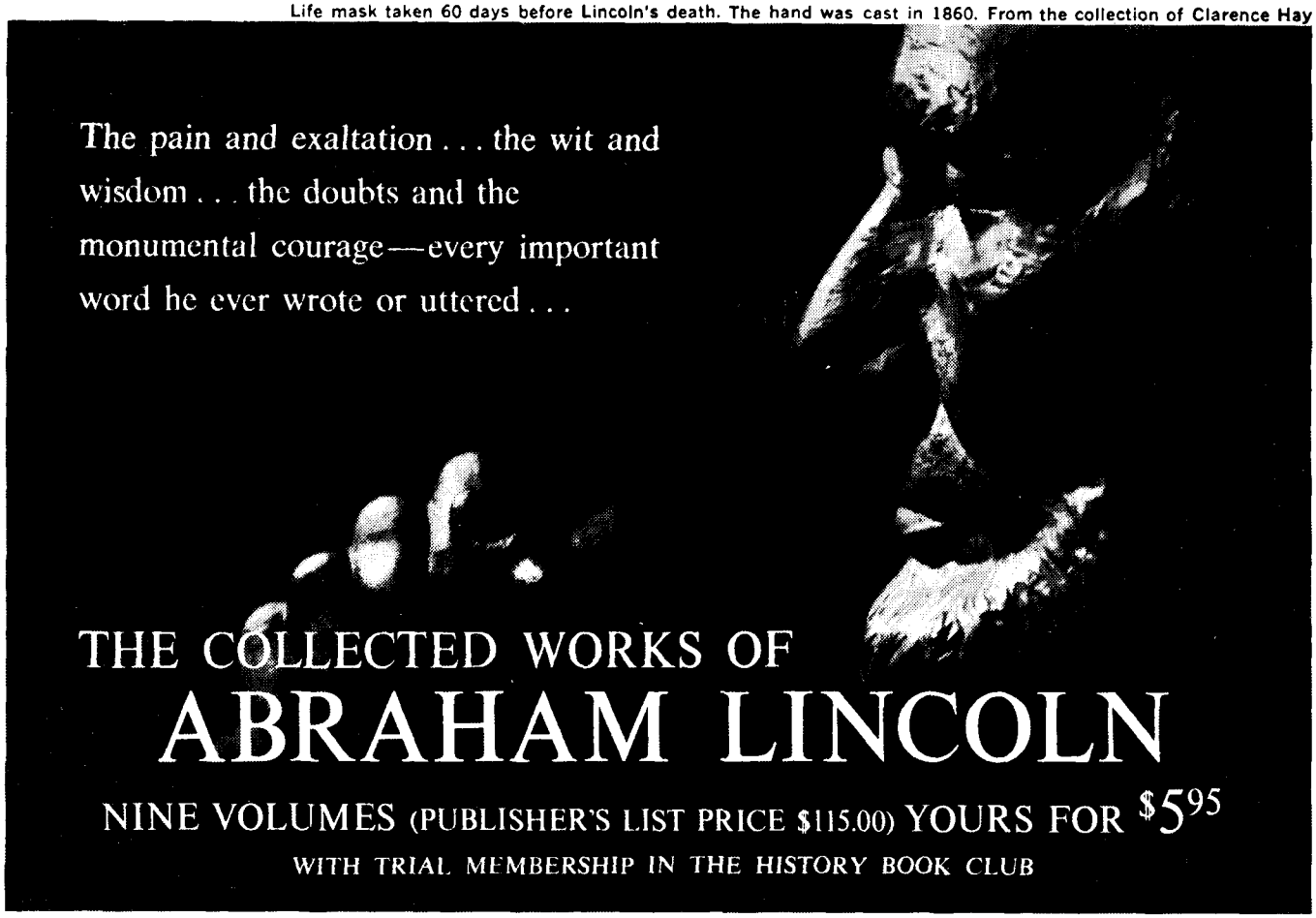
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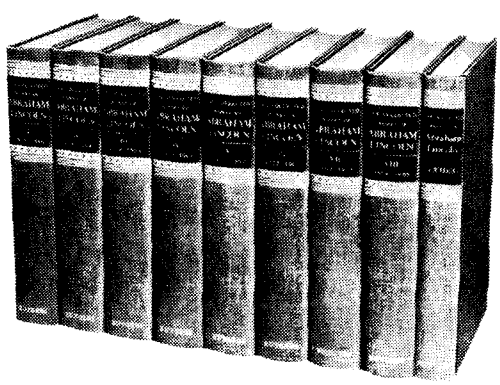

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